Fright Night's *director Tom Holland interviewed!*

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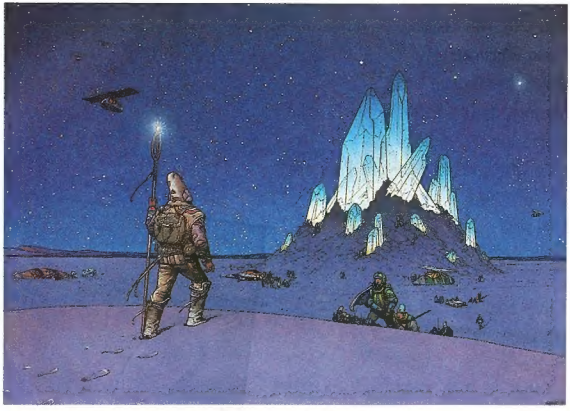

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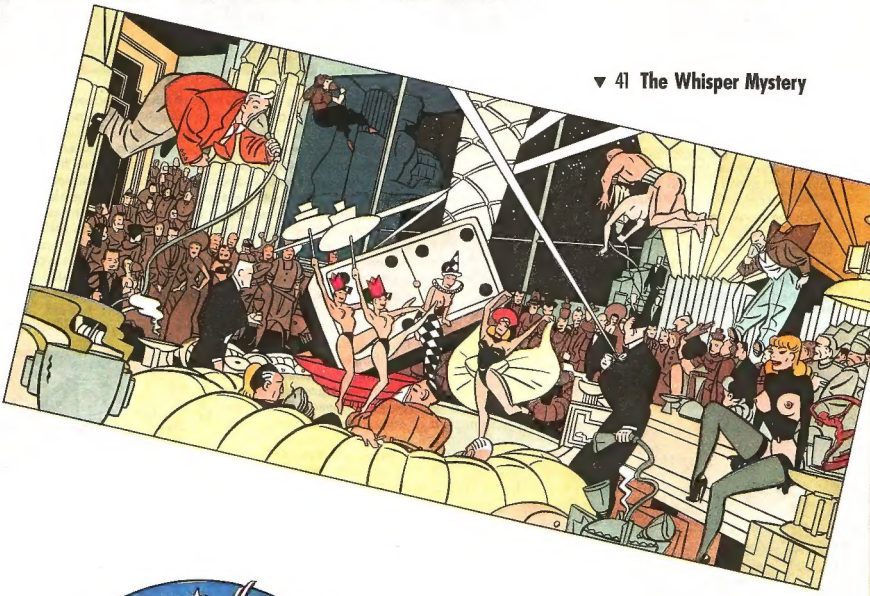

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dossier

Edited by Steven Maloff

SF

• ***The Glamour*** (Doubleday) is a thoroughly English novel, written in a sleek, almost aerodynamic style owing more to British craftsmen like Nevil Shute than any contemporary sf writers. With his brisk, explanatory, and utterly dry delivery, author **Christopher Priest** manages to conjure up England's wind- and rain-blown gloom with an enviable spareness.

The plot concerns telekinesis and a kind of mental power from which the book derives its title. But it's really no more than a device for Priest to explore a loner's quest for both clarity and spirituality. The protagonist, Richard Grey, trapped in a web of amnesia, is at once a fresh and familiar character. But it is Priest's technique, not the plot, that holds the reader. His quiet, mood-drenched style makes *The Glamour* well worth reading.

—Tom Aiken

Reference

• Years ago, this was "the bible of comics fandom." Today the publishers refer to ***The Comic Buyer's Guide*** as "Fandom's Newspaper," which is much more accurate. *CBG* is a weekly combination of news features about upcoming comics and comic-related books, articles, interviews with comic pros from today as well as years past, and reviews of recently published comics. What *most* people get the paper for, however, is the plethora of advertising—over the course of several weeks one can track down everything from an issue of *Batman #4* from 1940 ($300) to the newest issue of *American Flagg!* ($1.50). For those who cannot fill in their collections through comic conventions or local stores, *CBG* is a must—even if the arrogance of editors **Don** and **Maggie Thompson** ruins the letters column. (CBG, 700 E. State Street, Iola, WI 54990.)

—Mike Barson

Comics

◀ The first-ever computerized comic book, ***Shatter***, published by First Comics, sold out its first printing of 60,000 four days after its release this spring, and the thirty-two-page book went into an immediate second printing. First Comics' **Rick Oliver** believes today's high number of computer enthusiasts are responsible for the immediate sellout.

Shatter was created by **Michael Saenz** and **Peter Gillis** on a Macintosh computer, and all but the final coloring was done on the Big Mac. "The advantage of the Mac," says Oliver, "is not that it saves so much time, but that it gives you a completely different look."

Shatter may look different, but it's classic sf. The story is set in a high-tech futureworld called Chicagoland (First Comics is based in Evanston, Illinois), where RNA transference takes place on the black market. Six more eight-page installments of *Shatter* will appear in *Jon Sable, Freelance*, another First Comics publication. If interest continues, another thirty-two-page *Shatter* will be forthcoming.

Oliver compares this computer breakthrough in comic art to that of the airbrush. "One hundred years ago, they didn't have the airbrush," he says. "It's accepted now, but it really didn't *replace* anything. It'll be the same with computers. Computers won't change traditional comic book methods."

Only the way we look at them. (First Comics, 1014 Davis Street, Evanston, Illinois 60201.)

—Steve Bloom

Pix

▼ The vitality of the subway graffiti scene has touched virtually every art form around it, including dance, film, music, and fashion (see p. 6). ***Subway Art*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), by **Martha Cooper** and **Henry Chalfant**, is a richly informative look at the artists, their materials and midnight world, and, of course, the trains that were the beginning of this pop-art happening. With a great deal of wit and color photos that couldn't be better, *Subway Art* is a whole lot more than a token entry.

—Steven Maloff

SF

• ***The Eleven Million Mile High Dancer*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) doesn't work because author **Carol Hill** tries too hard. There's enough material in the book's 400-plus pages for a couple of novels, but none of it really pans out in the resulting jumble. The hero, astronaut Amanda Jaworski, is one of those pseudo-feminists you want to take aside and advise, "Look, you're good. Please stop talking about it." Hill's insistence on using Amanda's romantic angst as a window for us to view her vulnerability is tiresome. Use of this formula is a well-traveled road. Changing the make of the car doesn't guarantee a smooth ride.

In fact, the ride can be very jarring. Hill taps into her considerable reservoir of talent to produce the fireworks display passing for style in the novel. While dazzling at times, the glare finally becomes too much. The book is loaded with scientific jargon one only faintly comprehends amidst the glistening lights and cavalcade of characters. There's a space goddess, quarks, danger, and a cat named Shrodinger—all of them wonderful for all the wrong reasons. This is calculated pop, a disappointment from the author of *Jeremiah 8:20*.

—Tom Aiken

Film

• Only the audaciously brilliant Nicolas Roeg (*Performance, Don't Look Now, The Man Who Fell to Earth*) would have the *cojones* to fulcrum a movie on Marilyn Monroe's demonstration of the special theory of relativity to Albert Einstein on the floor of a New York City hotel room one hot night in 1953—and then go ahead and pull the damn thing off. ***Insignificance*** is the most *insanely* unlikely masterpiece ever committed to film—pretentious, self-indulgent, narratively deficient, spottily acted, overlong, riddled with anachronisms, and any number of other things ordinarily guaranteed to inspire reflex-retching. But Roeg ain't no ordinary director (ditto Terry Johnson's script), and his hot-knife visual flash-imagery and clairvoyant chronology alchemically transmute this baffling lump of lead into gold of an unquestionably demented luster. Best line: "I saw the face of God!" Nagging question: Who the hell was crazy enough to invest money in this thing? (And God bless 'em.) Special Hairy Palms Award: the excruciatingly voluptuous Theresa Russell, who can square my mc any day.

—Lou Stathis

SF/Fantasy Paperback Bestsellers

1. ***Pretender,*** **Piers Anthony and Frances Hall (Tor)**
2. ***Ishmael: Star Trek #23,*** **Barbara Hambly (Pocket Books)**
3. ***Myth Directions,*** **Robert Asprin (Ace)**
4. ***V: The New England Resistance,*** **Tim Sullivan (Pinnacle)**
5. ***Bio of a Space Tyrant: Volume 3: Politician,*** **Piers Anthony (Avon)**
6. ***Guardians of the Flame: Volume 3: The Silver Crown,*** **Joel Rosenberg (NAL)**
7. ***Elric at the End of Time,*** **Michael Moorcock (DAW)**
8. ***Millennium,*** **John Varley (Berkley)**
9. ***Melancholy Elephants,*** **Spider Robinson (Tor)**
10. ***Dune Messiah,*** **Frank Herbert (Berkley)**

COURTESY B. DALTON

ARTWORK BY SAB KAZE, 1982.

The Martian Hop

An Interview with Curator Stefan Eins

by Catherine Hazard

ARTWORK BY STEFAN EINS

COSIMO RICATTO

CATHERINE HAZARD

Stefan Eins

CATHERINE HAZARD

Carnival: **Homeboys are chilly most in the video documentary "Hiphop New York."**

Stefan Eins is a hero. A Viennese artist and adventurer bored by Manhattan's SoHo scene, he founded the maverick South Bronx art gallery **Fashion Moda** six years ago. In the heart of one of America's worst ghettos, neighborhood teenagers congregate and create their own carnivals. Downtown artists and European press come to watch them perform ritualistic breakdance exhibitions.

The style, energy, and creativity of these "homeboys" (slang for Puerto Rican and black youths) are mesmerizing, seductive; their art primitive, surprising, and vital. Many of the dancers are also writers or graffiti artists and rappers who make every day a celebration of image making, tagging the walls with their names and rapping with Easygee. Inside Fashion Moda, barriers between classes, races, and cultures disappear. The streets are the schools, the subways are the classrooms, and the children are the teachers. Hiphop is a spontaneous and frenzied tribal art passed along from brother to brother, sister to sister. Everyone has a tag or a street name by which he hopes to gain fame. As one graffiti artist, Brim, puts it, "In America, your neighborhood is important. I come from a bad neighborhood with burned-out buildings and rats and roaches. But when a train I have written my name on comes into the station and people say, 'Brim, that's fresh,' I have self-esteem and I feel good about myself. I'm right up there with everybody else."

Many of the artists in the landmark Sidney Janis show "Post Graffiti" are or have been an integral part of the Moda scene, selling their canvases for several thousand dollars each. Stars in Europe and at home, they are only in their teens. A-One, Toxic, Rammellzee, Coor, and Lady Pink are among the painters involved with Moda. At Moda, everyone has an equal chance to participate and prove his or herself. There is a feeling that anything can happen in this outpost of guerrilla art and Bauhaus bop.

Although the club is filled with friendly, open faces, the harsh reality of the ghetto is inescapable. Most of the kids are familiar with guns and knives, and more than one teenager has been permanently damaged by angel dust—easily accessible in the neighborhood. On the eve of the second graffiti show, I heard a chillingly frank exchange among some first-generation artists about why they sometimes had to take the law into their own hands. They talked about how the courts did not apply to them or to the South Bronx, how they couldn't call a cop to protect their homes and families, how they would do the jobs themselves. They told tales of doors riddled with bullet holes.

For many, Moda has been the passageway to careers in international art, film, music, and dance. When Eins walks into the gallery, he is greeted with enthusiastic cries of "Blood! Blood!" (Brother! Brother!) He has played many roles: friend, father, big brother, producer, judge and jury, devil's advocate. He is even respected in a strange role as part tutor, part bouncer. One day a couple of tough-looking winos, a man and a woman, came into Moda and demanded to use the bathroom. They were aggressive, and I feared violence. They were a long time using the facilities, and I breathed a sigh of relief as they finally departed. Stefan chided them for not saying "Thank you." His lecture became a shouting match while I stood transfixed in disbelief. At last one of the derelicts said, "He's all right. This guy is okay." They left.

Eins has the equivalent of a master's degree in theology from the University of Vienna. Years later his classical training has mutated to a theory of alien intelligences, which he is trying to express in an art piece.

—C.H.

Heavy Metal: Do you believe in God?
Stefan Eins: When I think of religion, I think that I'm like a tribesman in Australia. There is a tribe that coexists peacefully with an airport. They see the airplanes go up and come back. They make primitive replicas of planes with wood and twigs.
HM: It's art.
SE: It's also religion. I don't look up there with the notion of God, but I'm pretty sure there are alien intelligences. I've done some research on the UFO phenomenon. I've read Bob Hopkins's book *Missing Bodies*. There are reports of people under hypnosis who claim they were abducted. They're missing memories of times in their lives. There is evidence; we have to look and we'll find it. I've always wanted to do a piece on that and I'm still working on it. I've been working on it for ten years.
HM: Do you think we are some cruel alien's ant farm?
SE: No, but it's possible. There are vastly superior intelligences, and that doesn't have anything to do with the Eucharist or going to confession. There's something very science fiction about breakdancing for me. I think really good breakdancing—the best breakdancing—is actually a new way of consciousness. It is the most advanced art I've ever seen. It has more guts and intelligence than any other form of communication I know of. It allows you a more liberated and more creative personality, less structured by cultural restrictions. All those graffiti artists and breakdancers—they are just finding their own language and that means you are free; at least within that art form you are free.
HM: What was one of the best art pieces ever shown at Moda?
SE: Houston Ladda found an auditorium in the basement of an abandoned school building. He worked on it for months without telling anybody. He came by one day and asked me to come see his piece. We went to the school and he lit a gas lantern. We walked to the basement down a half-destroyed staircase and he showed me what used to be the library of the school. It was still half filled with books, and they were burned, too. There must have been a fire there, and I thought, "So what?" I admired him for his inventiveness, but I wasn't taken by what I had seen. And then we turned the corner, and in the dimly lit auditorium he had painted an amazingly realistic three-dimensional portrait of The Thing—the Marvel Comics character—into the chairs and wall, and for a split second I panicked and thought I had to run away because it was alive.
HM: I was intrigued by the cardboard labyrinth story.
SE: There was a mini-riot at Fashion Moda. [Artist] Jane Dickson had built this very graphic ten-foot-high maze. The kids just loved it. No one thought about security, because how can you control a crowd in a labyrinth? It's amazing. You can run after them but you cannot catch them. So they were hiding in there, and we couldn't get them out. About fifteen kids would be in there at once. It was tiresome to deal with because the kids were rowdy. At one point I got tired of it and we pushed the kids out. Suddenly there was this WHACK on the big window, shattering it. These kids were throwing stones at the windows and jumping the door. They were really *angry* at not being allowed back in. It felt to me as though they thought they had a *right* to get in. I think there are sociological and psychological elements involved.
HM: Well, that's their turf. Fashion Moda is a hangout, right?
SE: Yes, but none of these kids hung out there before.
HM: It sounds like science fiction. People arriving who have no prior relationship to the place acting emotionally. You have to be upset to throw stones and break a window. The Moda inspires surprising responses.
SE: I think people should choose whatever scene they find interesting, or whatever part of it they find interesting, and participate. Fashion Moda on a day-to-day basis is amazing. It's very intense. Every day is theater. I'm happy I did it, I really am. Fashion Moda is a conceptual thing. It has to do with being everywhere. It's a sixties idea of love and no more war, but it's also about human creativity and facilitating human creation and making that the fashion.
HM: That's the idea I had for the Food for the Soup Kitchens art show—making it fashionable to care about other people by showing art made by stars who would donate the proceeds to the soup kitchens of New York. I hoped to start a trend.
SE: Fashion Moda is an impulse of fashion. Creating something by the name, just like Billy Idol calls himself Billy Idol and he is an idol. That's why I called it Fashion Moda, because if you say it's fashion, then it is. That's the trick. ■

Stefan Eins will be exhibiting art at Fashion Moda and at Galerie Ariadne in Vienna in the fall.

ARTWORK BY STEFAN EINS

THROATBUSTERS

by Ed Naha

In a mist-shrouded room, a young man crouches over the unconscious form of his lover. He extends a quivering hand and touches her skin. It's cold and clammy. Emitting a mournful howl, the bereaved suitor cradles the girl's body in his arms. But wait! Something is wrong.

He backs away. The girl's face contorts. She opens her mouth. Fangs protrude.

The door to the room is kicked open and a white-haired man in a Victorian outfit bursts in. He holds a cross before him. The girl screams and backs away.

Sounds like a scene from a good old-fashioned vampire story, doesn't it? Well, it is and it isn't. This cheerful little encounter takes place in ***Fright Night***, a vampire story of Stokeresque proportions that is set in contemporary southern California.

Fright Night is the brainchild debut of director **Tom Holland**, the screenwriter responsible for *Psycho II* ("Nobody thought we could pull that one off"), *The Beast Within* ("One of the worst experiences of my life"), and *Cloak and Dagger* ("I wish you could have read my script").

Today, on a soundstage near the famous MGM lot, Holland is directing a scene wherein all-American girl Amy (Amanda Bearse) is suddenly transformed into a man-chomping vamp, both figuratively and literally.

For Holland, *Fright Night* is an important step forward. It's his first screenplay to be filmed exactly as written, and, not so coincidentally, it's the first movie he's directed himself.

"Am I scared?" he says, taking time out for a lunch break in his trailer. "How about every minute, every day? How about petrified?"

Although respected as a screenwriter, Holland recently found himself growing more and more frustrated with the way his films were turning out on the big screen. "Nobody can mess with this movie," he says with a grin, "except me. That's nice. I don't know what you thought of *Cloak and Dagger*, but the script had a darker tone to it.

"They threw me off the set of *The Beast Within* and they threw me out of the dailies. I was invited to one screening and, at the end, I walked past the director and the producer. That was five years ago. I haven't seen them since. That movie kept me out of work for a year. That script was strong enough for United Artists to go for what was considered a monster movie. The finished film? After seeing it, I literally got sick.

"You have no control as a writer. The only control you have is how much influence you have over the director. To get that influence you have to be ingratiating. Being ingratiating is exhausting."

Following the release of *Cloak and Dagger*, Holland figured it was time to delve into his bag of tricks and come up with a story that was both fun and scary and, of course, commercial. The result? Well, the same old fangs are there, but they've been cinematically flossed to the point of sparkling anew.

"I've always loved vampire films," he says. "But there hasn't been a good one in years. I mean, that last version of *Dracula*? The pits. The Hammer films were the last vampire films that made sense, and even they petered out, with Dracula winding up in discos.

"*Fright Night* is a reverential update of the old vampire films. The title comes from those *Friday Fright Night* shows we watched when we were kids, the shows where someone would host a bad horror movie late at night.

"The premise is pretty simple. This sixteen-year-old boy, Charley Brewster (William Ragsdale), is a horror-film nut. He becomes convinced that his next-door neighbor (Chris Sarandon) is a vampire. But because he's sixteen and into horror movies, nobody will believe him; not his family, not his friends, not the police, nobody.

"So, right away, the story is funny. But what gives the story a real third dimension is that the kid finally gets someone to believe him. He's staring at the TV in despair one night when he sees the host of *Fright Night*, this gonzo, over-the-hill, hambone worst actor of all time, played by Roddy McDowell. The kid is so desperate and so crazed that he figures, 'If anyone will believe me, this guy will. He's starred in thirty vampire movies and he's killed the creatures in every one.'

"Roddy's ratings are so bad that he's just been fired. He's up for anything. Much to his amazement and horror, Roddy, one of the biggest chickenshits in the world, finds himself repeating all these heroic actions he performed in all those bad gothic movies."

In updating the time-worn vampire myth, Holland sought to inject newness into the story but not on the soundstage. The former actor had every scene meticulously planned in order to keep the movie as firmly grounded in reality as possible.

"Every bit of action was worked out before I even walked on a stage," he says. "I storyboarded every scene myself. The drawings aren't great art but . . ."

He produces a Manhattan-phone-directory-sized tome filled with page after page of comic-book-like drawings.

"Everything in this movie had to be timed perfectly. Audiences today are used to blood spurting and special effects. The way to grab their attention with a non-slasher story is to have a solid plot and effects that back up that plot. We have Richard Edlund (*Ghostbusters*) doing the special effects.

"The toughest thing about it was writing the script, to update the vampire story without lampooning it. I had to spend the first third of the film selling the reality of the situation. By the time the vampires appear, you should be hooked.

"The reason most vampire updates fail, I think, is because they slip into intentional or unintentional parody. I'm watching for that every second of this movie.

"I have a great deal of respect for vampire movies. I didn't want to betray the genre by ignoring all its trademarks and myths in updating it, like in *The Hunger*. I wanted to play within the rules. I very deliberately decided to accept them and play fair with my audience. These are vampires like the ones we grew up with.

"People have a great attraction to vampires because, basically, vampires are not stupid monsters. They're a metaphor for seduction, aren't they? That elevates them from monsters in rubber suits. Vampires are *cool*. Think about it. Wouldn't you like to be a vampire? You get to play all night, jump on any woman you want, and live forever. Is that so bad? Of course, on the other hand, who would want his girlfriend to hang out with one?" ■

• **Tom De Haven**'s novel ***Funny Papers*** (Viking) is to the origins of newspaper comic strips what *Gone With the Wind* was to the Civil War and *The Natural* was to baseball. Taking historical events and persons and weaving them into a mythic and allegorical fabric, *Funny Papers* manages to convey the dynamics of the newspaper business in turn-of-the-century New York City when color presses were first used to create Sunday funnies—a new kind of entertainment that had so much impact that Joseph Pulitzer of the *World* and William Randolph Hearst of the *Journal* made the comics their big guns in the bitter circulation wars that were waged for years. The "hero" of *Funny Papers* is Georgie Wreckage, a sketch artist who lucks into a concept for a comic feature that captures the imagination of the public and makes him rich—and miserable. Knowledgeable comic fans will recognize "Pinfold and Fuzzy" as a combination of *The Yellow Kid* and *Buster Brown*, but De Haven isn't content to just toss in token crumbs of comic history. He has also done his homework on the exploitation of comics characters through merchandising. (The creators of the early comic strips often earned astronomical incomes and were household names, enjoying the fame of today's sports, movie, and rock stars. How the mighty have fallen!) Like *Ragtime*, which it most closely resembles in setting and flavor, *Funny Papers* brings history to life in a way that only the best fiction can. No fan of American comic strips should pass up this fine, rich novel.

—Mike Barson

• One of the coolest stars to shoot from Manhattan's Lower East Side is **Rodney Alan Greenblat**. Currently Gracie Mansion Gallery's number-one son, Greenblat's pieces grab from $500 to an astounding $20,000 per piece. An artist who also sculpts and writes music (to accompany his artwork), Greenblat's "Ark of Triumph" was part of the Whitney Museum's Biennial Exhibition. For T-shirts and posters, contact the Gracie Mansion Gallery Museum in NYC.

—SM

• The novels published as Ace Specials are supposed to be exceptionally well-written, original, and different. So it's puzzling to find **Michael Swanwick**'s ***In the Drift*** included in the series. First of all, it's not a novel at all but a number of stitched-together stories based on the premise that the nuclear reactors at Three Mile Island actually melted down. Swanwick tries to tell a tale of coming-of-age in a deadly radioactive world (the "Drift," which is roughly New England). But none of the elements on which he builds this post-nuclear society are different from what lots of people face right now as reality. The farthest Swanwick's imagination stretches is to presume that medical care would be expensive and hard to get, the authorities would be brutal, and good jobs would come to asskissers. Even the clairvoyant girl "vampire" is pretty dull. The conclusion, however, *is* spooky; the greedy Drift inhabitants blackmail each other and the rest of the U.S. with nuclear bombs. Would people really be that stupid? Probably.

—Constance Ash

• ***Get Animated!*** (six issues for $7.50 to Box 1582, Burbank, California 91507), a bimonthly sixteen-page bulletin, covers the world of animation with articles, reviews, and news—such as info on Tom Wilhite's plans to animate Tom Disch's "The Brave Little Toaster." To get to the nuggets, such as Fred Patten's rap on why the *Macross* tape is preferable to the altered TV-syndicated *Robotech* version, you've got to get animated yourself and dig through the pages of items on various Orbots, Droids, Biskits, Paw Paws, Wuzzles, and Fluppies. But then an occasional paragraph, such as the one on a bear called Kissyfur, makes it all worthwhile: "It has just been reported that the character's name may be changed. The interested network has voiced a fear that 'Kissyfur' may have 'sexual' connotations." You'd think a zine on animation would carry lots of pictures, but stills and art are at a minimum in the first two issues.

—Bhob

PICNIC ON EARTH BY RODNEY ALAN GREENBLAT

• If, like me, you have written off the 1980s as a decade of terminal blandness exemplified by Smurfs and Care Bears, there's a ray of pop-culture hope beaming down on us malcontents from the bubble-gum empire of Topps, Inc., the company that has brightened childhoods for generations with projects ranging from Bazooka Joe to Mars Attacks to Ugly Stickers to Wacky Packages to Batman and Star Wars cards. And now they introduce **Garbage Pail Kids**, an all-out assault on the insipid "so-ugly-they're-cute" Cabbage Patch Kids. Instead of being cute and cuddly like their cabbage cousins, they are truly disgusting and repulsive. For example, Up Chuck is a vomiting Garbage Pail Kid. Another is Dead Ted, a rotting, maggot-ridden, EC-ish Garbage Pail zombie crawling from the grave. Swell Mel is a transvestite. You get the picture. The whole spirit is pure fifties *MAD* and sixties and seventies underground comix; in fact, the credentials of the artistic team are sterling. Artist **John Pound**, a longtime u.g. cartoonist best known for his *Commies from Mars* covers, wrote as well as illustrated several of the cards. The rest of the gags and designs are by **Mark Newgarden** (a contributor to *RAW* and editor of *Bad News*) and **Art Spiegelman** (also familiar to u.g. comix readers for his sixties-to-present cartoons, as well as his former co-editorship of *Arcade* and current co-editorship of *RAW*).

What we've got here is either a fun, esoteric, nifty adjunct to your u.g. comix collection or, for non-collectors, a crazy set of eyeball grabbers that are good for a few laffs. Go out and buy some packs today! At twenty-five cents for five stickers and a wad of bubble gum, it's one of the best bargains around.

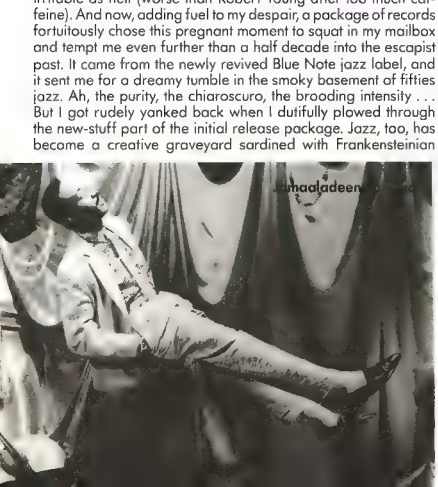
—J. D. King

Raving and Drooling Bebopoc

Those of you tuned in to this narrowcast frequency last time around witnessed the Great Ritual Dance of Critical Loathing and Disgust, an ancient and venerated tradition among cranky old guys with typewriters. The thing to remember is this: the present moment almost *always* looks lousy to those of us charged with the task of sifting through the cultural effluvia deposited at our feet by the intersecting rivers of creativity and greed. So humor us a bit, okay? Besides, you guys get off *easy*—most of the really *putrid* stuff passes you lucky sods by, leaving perhaps a momentary olfactory unpleasantness behind, just as a little reminder of what you're missing. (Pew! That Madonna just went by?) So hey, ease up off us guys mired gonad-deep in the big muddy, and try to be a little understanding when the weaker among us fling themselves eagerly into the welcoming waters of nostalgic retreat. I mean, can you really blame us? (Damn straight you can. . . .)

Not that I'm ready to take anything back. No way. That extended moan of despair was for real, prompted by the grim prospect of once again writing regularly about music in these pages. There just ain't a helluva lot of stuff out there worth talking about. When I first embarked on this mission, five fun-filled years ago, things were in a healthy state of ferment. There was a sinus-full of new odors in the air, but no one in the mainstream music media seemed interested in sniffing anything other than their own excreta. So, Greek-beak over here leaped to the rescue. These days, precisely the opposite seems true—schnozzes everywhere are pointed skyward in anticipation of the next wind-borne fashion stench, but there's not enough real substance out there to satisfy anyone's craving for long. Simply put, we are surrounded by debased reanimations of dead musical forms, corpses that have been cannibalized and reoutfitted, then launched into twitch-walking purgatory to panhandle for spare change—kinda like a Romero movie scripted by Robert Christgau (grim thought, eh?).

The point is, it's not the passing of any particular individual or mode that I'm mourning (everything alive dies), but the spirit of innovation and the challenge of change. I feel betrayed, as if something essential has been denied me, and that makes me irritable as hell (worse than Robert Young after too much caffeine). And now, adding fuel to my despair, a package of records fortuitously chose this pregnant moment to squat in my mailbox and tempt me even further than a half decade into the escapist past. It came from the newly revived Blue Note jazz label, and it sent me for a dreamy tumble in the smoky basement of fifties jazz. Ah, the purity, the chiaroscuro, the brooding intensity . . . But I got rudely yanked back when I dutifully plowed through the new-stuff part of the initial release package. Jazz, too, has become a creative graveyard sardined with Frankensteinian zombie-masters of questionable motives; a sordid truth even more obvious here, probably because of the lengthier period of history jazz has to regorge itself on (and thus be imprisoned by). Like so-called classical music, jazz has become a museum piece, a measured stretch on a cultural time-line. It's clearly an antiquated idiom, as dated as the quaint-sounding slang it spawned. It stirs in the mind images of past times and feelings, relevant only as historical reference or for use as source material by contemporary hybridizers. Modern music of all species seems to have lost the currency and urgency of the moment; in the pop mainstream it's the victim of success-lusting dilution, while in jazz it's been sacrificed to slickness and soulless virtuosity.



LARRY WILLIAMS

You want examples? Okay, take a couple of hot young jazz guitarists. **Stanley Jordan** is a twenty-five-year-old Californian now working in New York (with an in-between stop in Princeton for a B.A. in music) who's attracted a huge amount of attention because of his "revolutionary" double-hammering technique (instead of one hand holding down the strings while the other strums or plucks, Jordan uses both to tap the retuned strings and set them vibrating, enabling him to sound like two guys at once). While others have dabbled with this technique, using it for the occasional pyrotechnic flourish, Jordan has built an entire school of playing around it. That he's mastered the mechanics of musicianship is not in doubt. What's questionable is his desire to express anything beyond self-aggrandizing virtuosity. His much-ballyhooed Blue Note debut, ***Magic Touch*** (currently the country's best-selling jazz LP) is impeccably produced by Al DiMeola, another guy who trips over his prodigious technical facility while running for the expressivity bus. Everything about *Magic Touch* reeks of deliberate care, from the crystalline digital recording to the measured balancing of songs, stylistically and compositionally varied between genre standards and a couple of forgettable originals. Consequently, the whole thing just sits there, polite, well-groomed, and self-satisfied—like a schoolkid who's successfully completed a test. I hope Jordan ain't content with wowing crowds and critics, and—like DiMeola—fabricating an entire musical subspecies on mastery of technique and a compositional style that sandwiches tediously grandstanding solos between refrains of melodic Wonder Bread.

Next axman in line for hatcheting is **Kazumi Watanabe**, a thirty-one-year-old Japanese export with two recent schizophrenic LPs, ***Mobo I*** and ***Mobo II*** (Gramavision, dist. by Polydor). The records' clear schism parallels that of modern jazz itself: half of each is shrilly unpleasant fusion of the generic kind, the other half exotically seductive fusion of the cross-fertilization kind (between the two *Mobos* there's one hot platter here). The disparity seems reducible to Watanabe's choice of sidemen: NY jazz-session perennials strutting their sterile stuff on the former, and reggae rhythm kings Sly and Robbie adding island spice to the latter. The leap made here is comparable to the transformation Miles underwent/instigated with the *Bitches Brew* funk-jazz collision of fifteen years ago—the loping reggae pulse simply knocks Watanabe from the confines of his stylistic holding pen, forcing him to play in a totally different way (thank God). The result is sublimely atmospheric not-just-jazz, a little like the sludgy wallpaper discs Terje Rypdal useta do for ECM, but definitely a pungent new odor that should please probing probosci everywhere. Now if the guy'd only deep-six that insipidly rococo fusion crap.

Too bad so few other jazzbos seem interested in assimilating anything new into their stagnating vocabularies. **Jamaaladeen Tacuma** is one who's trying (see September 1984 *HM* for background info). ***So Tranquilizin'*** (Gramavision) is his third LP as leader (after an apprenticeship as Ornette Coleman's bass protégé-prodigy), but his first full-length go-round with Cosmetic,

alypse

by Lou Stathis

his hip (hop) funk band. Obviously he's been payin' attention to what's box-blasting in the old neighborhood—but it also sounds like he's cruising just a bit, not pushing himself as far as he could, content with mining a complacent dance-music groove instead of pioneering any new ground (which periodic flashes tell us he's capable of doing). And though I appreciate the humanization a singing voice brings to the music (it would sound far too mechanical without it), the lameness of the lyrics sends me over the edge (try copying some George Clinton instead of Lionel Richie, there, Jamaal). And while I'm addressing the artist, let me ask a rhetorical question: Y'wanna be a pop star or a musician, Jamaaladeen? Looks like you're trying to do both (the LP's clothing credits are almost as numerous as the instrument listings), and honestly, I hope you pull it off. It's a *damn* hard line to walk.

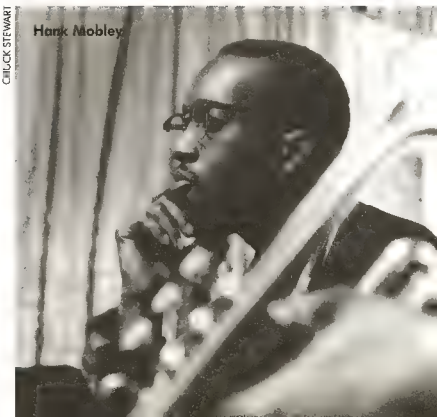
Most everywhere else, bleakness reigns. The bulk of Blue Note's contemporary stuff leaves me cold: **George Russell**'s ***The African Game*** is an uncomfortably stiff, vernacularized tone poem, while **Stanley Turrentine**'s ***Straight Ahead***, **Charles Lloyd**'s ***A Night in Copenhagen***, and **Grover Washington, Jr./Kenny Burrell**'s ***Togethering*** are just tired pickings from the same old guano farm. Elsewhere, twenty-three-year-old **Wynton Marsalis** has caused a lot of noise, but he's shackled himself to *two* tight-assed traditions—jazz and classical—instead of a crippling-enough one. Much more interesting is the intricate twisting of styles concocted by saxophonist **Chico Freeman** on his ***Tangents*** from last year (on Elektra/Musician, a now-dead label formed three years ago by Bruce Lundvall, who scooted last fall to preside over the reopening of the Blue Note shop). Freeman exhibits Mingus-like compositional adeptness in juxtaposing some remarkable moments of controlled tenderness with explosively dynamic improvisations. Also surprisingly unbad are a pair of platters from Japanese altoist **Sadao Watanabe** (no relation to Kazumi—the surname is apparently as common in Japan as Africa is in a certain burnt-out section of Philadelphia). I say surprisingly because both ***Rendezvous*** and ***Fill Up the Night*** (Elektra/Musician, from '83 and '84, respectively) feature the same dreaded crew of jazz-session robots who cast their stuporous pall over most everything they appear on, which unfortunately is just about every second jazz LP recorded in the Big Apple. Anyway, Watanabe's delightfully flavor-rich tone saves the day (reminds me in spots of an updated Johnny Hodges, for you old Ellingtonians out there), and just about yanks these sides above the level of jazzak.

Which leaves me happily wallowing in the past again, a state of mind where Blue Note is most definitely at its best. Check this: their initial vinyl barrage this winter included twenty-one classic reissues from their incomparable back catalog, a veritable history of post-World II jazz. Though the label operated from 1939 into the early seventies, their prime period covered the early fifties through the late sixties, when they were issuing sides by the hippest guys in existence—eternal avant-gardist Cecil Taylor, Coltrane (in between his tentative Prestige LPs and the historic *Giant Steps* and *My Favorite Things* for Atlantic in '59 and '60), some pre-Columbia Miles, some pre-Miles Herbie Hancock, prefused Chick Corea, Sonny Rollins, Art Blakey, and the best stuff from such early-check-outs as Bud Powell, Clifford Brown, and Lee Morgan (shot dead onstage by a pissed-off girlfriend). The list goes on and on (the only guy missing is Mingus—I wonder why?).

But the secret of Blue Note's excellence wasn't just a nose for hotshot talent. That was only the beginning—it really came down to the way things were run, and the two German immigrants of unflagging enthusiasm who almost until their deaths made sure that everything was run *correctly*. These guys *cared* about what they were doing, taking great pains to nurture their artists—treating them like respected family members—to make sure Blue Note "product" was the best on the market. Clearly, as the records document, the results were worth the effort. Here on vinyl is a moment in American cultural history crystallized. Pressed into these grooves is the unquantifiable mixture of vigorous naïveté, cool sophistication, unselfconscious intellectualism, and slow-burning white-hot energy that was post-bop/pre-screech jazz. It was a ghostly time of renaissance restlessness and cliff-edge dancing before the tumbling, suicidal leap into the acid waters of free jazz. The very sounding of these stylized cries brings it all flooding in. Proust ain't got nothing on these guys.

If all this jive is news to you, trot out and get yourself ***The Best of Blue Note***, a double-album collection of fifteen classic cuts (the hip equivalent of those *World's Most Beloved Melodies* compilations that old guy with the bogus Brit accent pushes on late-night TV). Try Herbie Hancock's "Maiden Voyage," Horace Silver's "Song for My Father," and Lee Morgan's "The Sidewinder"—and if they do nothing for you, go away and leave me alone, 'cause you're hopeless. If you think it's the hottest shit since Atlantis sank, first congratulate yourself on your refined tastes, and then start picking up the individual LPs (there'll be twenty more of the damn things to choose from by the time you read this). Lou's personal faves include Morgan's *DelightfulLee*, Coltrane's *Blue Train*, Dexter Gordon's *Go* and *Doin' It Right*, and anything by any of the other names I've dropped in the last few paragraphs. There ain't a dud in the bunch.

But that ain't even *near* the end of it. Blasts from the past are fine, but what's been spiraling me into terminal aural ecstasy is the trickle of previously unissued stuff from the Blue Note basement. Four of these are currently in heavy rotation around the Stathis pad: **Clifford Brown**'s ***Alternate Takes***, **Jackie McLean**'s ***Tippin' the Scales***, **Hank Mobley**'s ***Far Away Lands***, and **Lee Morgan**'s ***The Rajah***. Five more are promised any second now (Powell, Freddie Hubbard, more Mobley, and a couple of others), and God knows what else that's still lurking in those dusty vaults. What's truly mind-boggling is that someone deemed this stuff *not good enough* for release at the time! And you thought Star-Kist was picky! Jesus. If these standards were applied today, the tsunami of new releases inundating our ears would probably slow to dripping-faucet level. And let me tell you, that would make *this* cranky old cultural sump-sifter a lot less grumpy. ■



CHUCK STEWART

Hank Mobley

Leonard Cohen

Ratso's Palazzo

Comin' and Cohen

by Larry Sloman

I was sitting in the Cafe Borgia on Prince Street in NYC with **Leonard Cohen**, the world-class poet, songwriter, and ladies' man, and I was trying to persuade him to talk about the Mysteries, the passionate practice of the religious impulse, the real stuff, the Secrets revealed to the select few. Now ordinarily Leonard should take to this subject like a nun takes to holy water, but because I had some kind of compulsion to get him to talk about this, the poet was balking. He was content just to sit there, munching on his melted Swiss cheese sandwich, catching up on lost time.

After all, it had been five years since Leonard and I chowed down together. The last time was at Kantor's in L.A., a wonderful imitation of a New York Jewish deli, and over pastrami sandwiches Leonard had told me of the breakup of his marriage to Suzanne, the woman who was conjured by his hit song of the same name. Now I would usually be content to sit and play our version of Jewish geography, but today I was a man on a mission.

There was injustice in this world and I had to fight it. You see, Leonard Cohen is one of our jewels. He is a man who truly belongs to the ages, and the work that he does touches each of us at our core—you know, that hidden place that we read about and think only other people have, but that sometimes under the influence of four or five drinks, or eight or nine lines, or five miles around the track, or whatever your poison is, gets revealed to you in all its splendor, and you either embrace it joyously, albeit sheepishly, or strike out at the world because your demons got loose.

What I'm trying to say is that we're not talking about Boy George or Cyndi Lauper or the Almighty Madonna here. This is not generic capitalist culture fodder, this is the Real Thing. Now, for some reason, Europeans adore Leonard and his work. Maybe they relate easily to his incomparable sense of loss, his formal, dignified, decorous surrender of self.

Maybe it is precisely these qualities that turn Americans off to Leonard. Most people I know who hear a Leonard Cohen album think that it's too depressing to handle. I find him extremely funny, but that's just the kind of woman I am.

But the injustice I was fighting was that Columbia Records, the home of Bob Dylan, and Miles Davis, and Toto, the great black-rock sanctuary of the arts, had refused to release Leonard's new album, ***Various Positions***, to the American public. Mind you, they were all too happy to collect the cashish on the CBS International label, since Leonard was a proven "commodity" overseas. But those bottom-line Eichmanns who run Columbia here decided to send Leonard's new kid straight to the showers. Aborted in the U.S.A., as the Boss would say.

But, as Dylan told me a few months ago in the studio as he was finishing up his newest Columbia LP, "Somebody'll put out Leonard's record here. They *have* to." Well, it's Jem, a little David of a record company, and if you write to them in East Orange or somewhere like that in New Jersey, you might be lucky enough to cop this brilliant album.

Okay, that off my chest, I tried to steer Leonard back to talking about mysticism. Everyone who talks to Leonard asks him about women: the pursuit of them, the pain they inflict, the vacuum they leave behind when they go. But I knew that Leonard was a spiritual seeker, too, and *Heavy Metal* was one of his favorite magazines, so I wanted him to talk about mysticism. And I knew that the way I could hook Leonard into talking on this subject was to talk about books, which are to the Jews what six-packs are to the Irish.

Back at my house, Leonard had perused my shelves and commented that he didn't like to read about religion. So Leonard was a man of action, Fieldworker Cohen.

"I've found for my own usefulness that sitting still is the best medicine, and the whole Zen mechanics are designed for that," Leonard said. "Look, nobody enters a Zen meditation hall to affirm his health. You enter because you have a doubt and because you want to study how the mind arises, so they make you

sit still for seven days and finally you get so bored and fatigued with your mind that you might be lucky enough to let it drop for a second. As soon as that mind is at rest, the Mysteries manifest as reality. It ain't no mystery. It's like when you jump into a pool of cold water. You don't take your personality with you, you don't even exist at that moment. That's why you feel refreshed when you climb out, because the only thing that can refresh the personality is to dissolve it."

We talked about religion some more, then we talked about our romantic situations, and then I mentioned Dylan's new album, a thing called *Empire Burlesque*, a work as grim as the name implies.

"Nobody wants a happy song." Leonard leaned over the table. "The great songs have to embrace the whole world, and we know that this world is a butcher shop."

"So with all your reading and practice, do you think that this is it?" I challenged him. "This world, is this it?"

"I *do* think this is it," Leonard said firmly.

"What about an afterlife?"

"We're already living our afterlife," he said, and then he recited a new lyric/poem that beautifully captured the Zen/Gnostic affirmation.

"So how do you survive?" Leonard suddenly asked me. "How do you keep it all going? You don't have a support system, you don't currently have an old lady, no kids you have to work for."

I felt like I had just jumped into a pool of cold water.

"I don't know," I said. "I guess I have hope."

Leonard smiled. "Hope. You have faith. So you *are* religious."

I smiled and started singing "Faith, Hope, and Charity" and Leonard picked up on it and started in on "Jesus Loves Me," and we walked out into the SoHo rain and headed for the subway.

At Broadway I interrupted our idle conversation. "You know, work keeps me going. Work supports me."

Leonard turned from the wind-whipped rain. "This is the first time in my life that I *have* to work, to support my kids. That keeps you going. But it's nice meeting people. Other than that, it's bleak, it's bleak."

I didn't really know what to say then, so I just patted him on the back, on his Famous Blue Raincoat, and I felt lucky for a minute, full of life, and I felt that there might be some mercy somewhere, and then I waved goodbye and headed home, back to the world. ■

For a free copy of Leonard's new poem, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Ratso's Palazzo, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

Theodore Sturgeon 1918–1985

"Theodore Sturgeon is a phenomenon out of Philadelphia, a yellow-eyed thing with a goatee, a mortician's voice, and Pan's original smile. He clashed with high school. He ran away to sea, took up nudism, ran a bulldozer, got married and unmarried, wrote music, advertising copy, and fantasy, smoked cigarettes in a long holder. . . ."

—Damon Knight

Sturgeon was one of the writers John Campbell discovered and developed in the late thirties and early forties, a group that included Asimov, Heinlein, de Camp, van Vogt, and Hubbard, but unlike any of these he was, to readers and critics of the fifties and on, a capital-W writer, a man who could work magic with his "vorpal pen" (Knight again), who could beguile and bedazzle and make words sing.

During his first three years as a writer for Campbell, Sturgeon turned out dozens of stories. It was a prolific period and a time of tremendous growth. His stories were at their simplest then, amusing pulp entertainments like "Yesterday Was Monday," "Shottle Bop," and "The Ultimate Egoist." It was also the time of the writing of "It," a horror story now considered a classic, and of "Microcosmic God," recently elected by members of the SFWA one of the all-time great sf novelettes. Sturgeon himself did not love this story, but it knocked the readers out and put Sturgeon on the map. He was barely twenty-three.

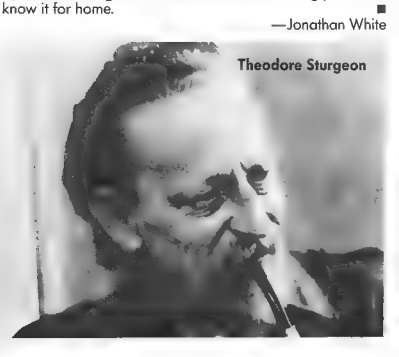
In the late forties he began to pay close attention to style, meticulously honing his craft, learning how to transfix his reader with sound and sense. His abilities reached their peak in a beautiful, powerful, revolutionary novel, *More Than Human*. Through the fifties Sturgeon continued to build up a spectacular body of work, demonstrating an awesome versatility. It seemed he could do almost anything, create any effect. In this time he produced stories like the ineffably tragic horror tale, "The Other Celia"; the playful, flashing "To Here and the Easel"; the whimsical exercise in utopian thinking, "The Skills of Xanadu," and, in a darker political vein, "Mr. Costello, Hero"; "The Man Who Lost the Sea," a Faulknerian tale selected for a volume of *Best American Short Stories*; and "A Saucer of Loneliness," certainly one of the most moving stories ever written.

He also wrote novels: the highly acclaimed but uneven *The Dreaming Jewels*; the comic historical fiction *I, Libertine* (with Jean Shepherd); the movie novelizations *The King and Four Queens*, a Western, and *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*; an exercise in sex and psychopathology, *Some of Your Blood*, and in sex and sociology, *Venus Plus X*; *The Cosmic Rape*; the Western *The Rare Breed*; and the ghostwritten mystery *The Player on the Other Side*, an Edgar winner.

Not everything that Sturgeon did was wonderful, however. It has often been said that he wrote about love, that love was his subject. But sometimes he wrote about love and sometimes he wrote about something he was trying to pass off as love but was really soapsuds or never-having-to-say-you're-sorry. He just sandbagged you with that gorgeous style and slipped it past you while you were gasping for breath. Sturgeon rarely wrote about the realities of love, the nuts-and-bolts of making a relationship work and negotiating the problems and pitfalls. Too often he romanticized and rhapsodized and created a fantasy of love as human beings have never known it. This shortcoming (and there are others, less serious) may go a little way toward explaining why Sturgeon was never quite able to break out of the science fiction ghetto.

Still, after all is said and done, Sturgeon was, quite simply, a terrific writer—a great stylist and intensely visual, capable of making the reader see each scene. Sturgeon's true domain, however, was the interior landscape, the shadowland of heart and spirit, and he explored it diligently and with intelligence and (yes) love, and the aching need of the self to find a resting place and to know it for home. ■

—Jonathan White



Theodore Sturgeon

VIDEO VOYEUR BY JIM FARBER

Splatter University (1984, Vestron) Directed by Richard W. Haines.

How refreshing to see a "student-slice" movie that really looks as if it was made by students. *Splatter U.* has the production values of a school project and all the actors are sub-nobodies, but director Haines gives it all more personality and wit than 90 percent of the slicko horror jobs around. The movie's trashiness is self-aware without ever becoming self-conscious. That's a neat trick in an age where so many directors are clumsily aping the B-cult sensibility as the "new" threshold of cool.

The Beast (1965, Wizard) Directed by Jack Woods.

Lovers of really bad special effects will have a great time with this sixties cheapie. A group of zany geology students go for a picnic in the woods and wind up encountering the devil posing as a forest ranger. "The Beast" the said ranger controls seems like something Ray Harryhausen dreamed up on a bad day, but my absolute favorite effect is the final incarnation of Satan, who looks like an ornery fabric swatch.

You Are Not I (1981, New Video) Directed by Sara Driver.

▼ ***Empty Suitcases*** (1980, New Video) Directed by Bette Gordon.

Not content to simply hawk the usual slew of major-company tapes, the good folks at New York's New Video stores have been issuing cassettes of their own, featuring the work of various subterranean moviemakers. Some of them will remind you of why you hated the "avant-garde" to begin with (see Mark Rappaport's *Imposters*), but below are a pair of really good ones you won't find in the local multi-plex.

Sara Driver's *You Are Not I*, based on a Paul Bowles horror story from the late forties, is a tale of schizophrenia told from the nut's point of view. Consequently, in the end we're not sure if the spooky train of events actually happened or was just the warped wanderings of the lead character's mind. Lending sufficient grounding is Driver's stylishly gloomy direction (aided by Jim Jarmusch's funereal cinematography). The sights and sounds of identity breakdown are chillingly rendered in this $14,000 feature, and the lead actress, Suzanne Fletcher, perfectly embodies a woman who could make Sybil look like the picture of mental health.

More common (normal?) psycho-disorders are addressed in Bette Gordon's *Empty Suitcases*. Despite some flaws, the director has assembled a clever series of images and voice-overs to stress the relative nature of our normal divisions of time and space. Gordon's camera remains static throughout, as if dumbstruck by the barrage of information. When Gordon is stressing the separation between our internal reality and external "real life," she's right on-target, but the convoluted plot she piles on about a feminist/anarchist/college professor is totally out there. (Order from: New Video, 276 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10010; Att: Independent Serial Orders.)

Demonian (c. early '70s, Wizard) Directed by Jess Franco.

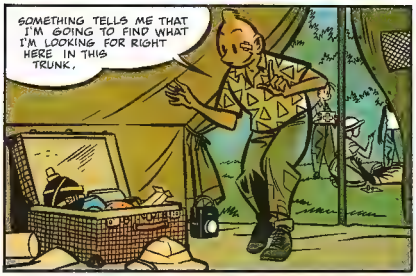
There are some pretty neat characters in this French number. An anti-sexual religious fanatic stalks a group of editors who work at a magazine that, in their words, "specializes in sadomasochistic melodrama." The killer is also after a woman who regales her lover with such pillow talk as "Crawl, you worm." It's nice to see a horror director who's up front about hating the victims as much as the maniac.

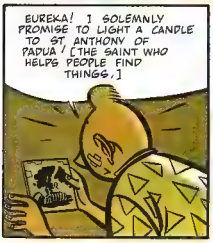
Warrior of the Lost World (1983, Thorn-EMI) Directed by David Worth.

This low-budget *Road Warrior* rip-off is likable nonetheless. The anarchist hero is no Mel or Clint (though he does whisper a lot), and the leader of the "enlightened" good guys looks suspiciously like Jimmy Carter. But I like the gang of "dickhead" outcasts, and there's no shortage of explosions—which is really what it's all about.

ELEPHANT CEMETERY

IN MOMENTS LIKE THIS, I'M THANKFUL FOR MY TRAINING AS A NURSE.
HUM! THAT REMINDS ME THAT I HAVE A DEGREE IN CURIOSITY AND DETECTIVE WORK. I'LL EXPLORE!

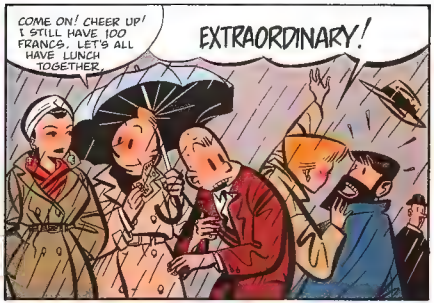




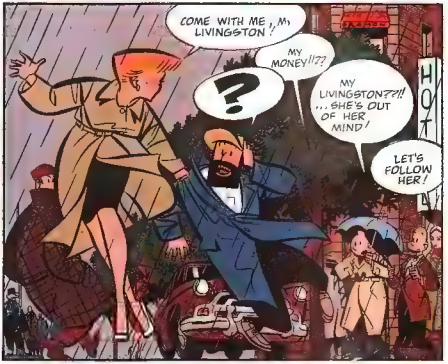
BANG
WATCH OUT!! THE BANGOBANGOS!
WATCH OUT! HERE COME THE BANGOBANGOS!
DOWN THERE!! THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF THEM!
THEY'RE COMING AT US FROM ALL SIDES. LET'S HIDE BEHIND THE BAGGAGE. EVERYONE TAKE A GUN!
AIM AT THE WHITES OF THEIR EYES!
MY RIGHT INDEX FINGER IS STARTING TO CRAMP.
I HAVE NO AMMUNITION LEFT!
I HAVE NONE ALSO!
KLIK
KLIK
STOP THIS FARCE IMMEDIATELY !!!
??
?

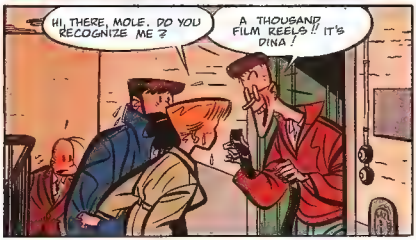
YOU BAND OF LOSERS! DO YOU WANT ME TO COME AND GIVE YOU A HAND?
THE TERRITORIAL POLICE!
WE'RE SAVED!
POLICE
AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES! AT YOUR AGE, TOO! DIDN'T YOUR PARENTS TEACH YOU ANYTHING?!?
BOMONGA, CALM DOWN AND TELL ME THE REASON FOR ALL THIS MESS!
KIRI-KIRI POKO!
I SAID CALM DOWN!
CLAC
WATSA FESHI TOBOKO PWETO LUBUTU KAWA!
?
?
WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT A PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE?
BUT IT'S NOT OUR FAULT!
THEY STARTED IT!
STOP TALKING ALL AT ONCE, AND GIVE ME THAT!
YOUR ANTHROPOLOGY STORY DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE. WHAT'S CLEARLY EVIDENT ON THE OTHER HAND, IS THAT YOU HAVE BROUGHT COMPLETE DISARRAY TO THIS REGION. SOMETHING LIKE THIS HASN'T HAPPENED ONCE IN THE PAST 25 YEARS!
DUGRAND, CALL BOMBURA ON THE RADIO. WE HAVE TO EVACUATE THE SICK AND THE WOUNDED.
OKAY!
YOU WILL GIVE THIS FAMOUS PLAQUE BACK TO THE CHIEF OF THE BANGOBANGOS. DON'T BREAK IT!
OKAY!
THEN YOU WILL TAKE THESE DANDY'S FROM THE CITY AND MAKE SURE THAT THEY MAKE THEMSELVES SCARCE. GET ME?
NO.
YOU MAKE SURE THEY'RE KICKED OUT OF THIS COUNTRY!!
TWO WEEKS LATER....

I'M LEAVING TOMORROW FOR LONDON, WHERE I'M GOING TO EXPLAIN TO BRIXTON WHY THE EXPEDITION FAILED. HE WILL NEVER AGREE TO PAY ME FOR MY WORK, AND I KNOW HE'S GOING TO BE FURIOUS!
NOT AS MUCH AS BOTAXON! WE'RE IN A MESS!
?


COME ON! CHEER UP! I STILL HAVE 100 FRANCS. LET'S ALL HAVE LUNCH TOGETHER.
EXTRAORDINARY!

WHAT'S DINA RAVING ABOUT NOW?
MY BILL!
SIR! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO EARN 100 FRANCS!?
WHAT IS IT?... A RADIO SHOW??...


COME WITH ME, MR LIVINGSTON!
MY MONEY!!??
?
MY LIVINGSTON??!! ... SHE'S OUT OF HER MIND!
LET'S FOLLOW HER!
HOT


HI, THERE, MOLE. DO YOU RECOGNIZE ME?
A THOUSAND FILM REELS!! IT'S DINA!

MOLE, I NEED YOUR HELP!
TELL ME... YOU KNOW I'D DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, DINA!

OH, THANK YOU, MOLE!! YOU'RE SAVING OUR LIVES!
?

DINA FINALLY EXPLAINS HER PLANS TO HER ASTONISHED FRIENDS.
IS THAT CLEAR? COME ON, LET'S GET TO WORK!
20

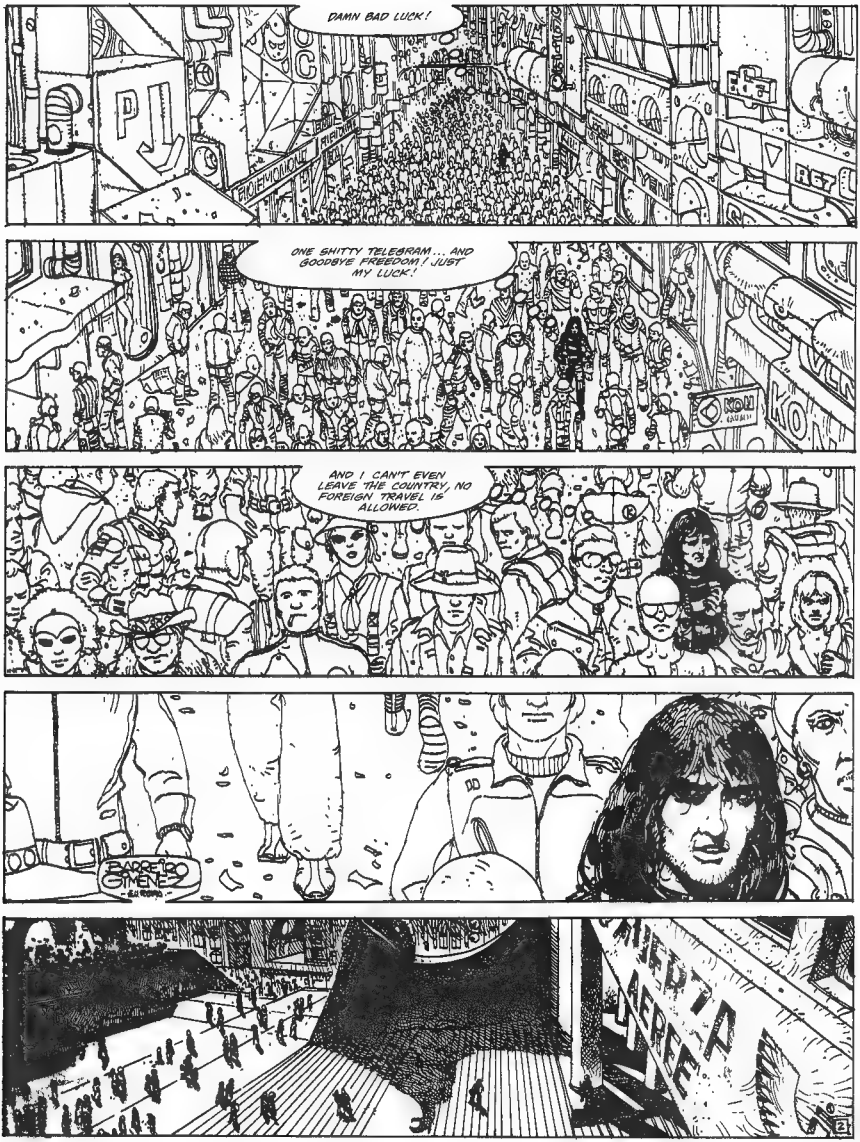
SWEEP, PAINT YOUR FACE WITH THAT BLACK SUBSTANCE...
?
FREDDY, THIS IS WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO!
MY BEARD!!
MY BEARD!
DINA, ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT ME TO TAKE A PICTURE WITH MY LATEST EQUIPMENT ?? IT WOULD BE MUCH SIMPLER.
NO, PLEASE DO AS I SAY!
YOU'LL MAKE TWO PLATES, FOR ME?
HAVE I GOT SOME PAINT ON MY NOSE?
NO!
OKAY! I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD USE THIS OLD CAMERA WHICH BELONGED TO MY FATHER... SMILE!
MOLE, IT'S GREAT! YOU'RE A GENIUS!
A FALSE PLATE! BRIXTON AND BOTAXON WON'T BE TAKEN IN BY THEM!
WHY NOT? WE CAN AGE THEM A BIT, MAKE A FEW SCRATCHES, THEY'LL NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.
FANTASTIC!
FANTASTIC!
IT'S THE GREATEST PIECE IN MY COLLECTION. I'M GOING TO CALL BRIXTON, HE'LL BE GREEN WITH ENVY!
HE! HE!
DUST YOU ARE AND DUST YOU WILL BECOME!
CLING

OH DEAR! I'M SO CLUMSY!
HOW ARE YOU FEELING, MR. BOTAXON?
SIT DOWN, PLEASE!
IT'S A HEART ATTACK! MAYBE I SHOULD GO AND FETCH SOME WATER...
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
THE SHOCK HAS BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HIM.
HA! HA! LET'S LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THINGS. I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A CHECK IN PAYMENT FOR YOUR SERVICES. IT'S TOO BAD ABOUT THE PLATE, BUT IT CHEERS ME UP TO KNOW THAT BRIXTON, MY RIVAL, WILL NEVER LAY HIS HANDS ON IT!
RRRRING
HELLO! IS THAT YOU, BRIXTON? HOW'S THE WEATHER IN LONDON? I WAS JUST TALKING ABOUT YOU TO MY FRIENDS... A SURPRISE YOU SAY?...
YES, MY DEAR SIR! YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT I JUST ADDED TO MY COLLECTION! .....
...IT'S A BEAUTIFULLY PRESERVED PLATE OF THE CELEBRATED EXPLORER, DAVID LIVINGSTON!
HELLO! MR. BOTAXON??
MR. BOTAXON!!
HIS HEART COULDN'T TAKE THAT! POOR MR. BOTAXON! WE HAVE TO CALL A DOCTOR.
ANSWER ME, BOTAXON. HELLO? HELLO?
CHEER UP, MELANIE... I'M SURE HE'S VERY HAPPY RIGHT NOW... I'M SURE THERE IS A SPECIAL PARADISE FOR COLLECTORS ...
FIN
DAMN! ALL THIS HAPPENED AND HE NEVER SIGNED OUR CHECK! WHERE THE HELL ARE WE GOING TO FIND THE MONEY FOR LUNCH??

TOP SECRET

by Juan Giminez

3-D VISION RADAR CONE
AUTOMATIC PILOT ANTENNA
AUTONOMOUS AMMUNITION PRODUCT
JOINTS
SMALL CANNONS, 80/90 CALIBER, WITH RECOIL FOR RAPID FIRE
DETAIL SHOWING THE THREE WING POSITIONS
MOTOR GE: J-744, RR: "88", ISCES. 8
PARALLEL TURBINE WITH DOUBLE EXHAUSTS
JOINTED WING FLAPS FOR DIFFERENT FLIGHT FUNCTIONS (AUTOMATIC)
AUTOMATIC VARIABLE ELEVATOR.
WING LENGTH 40 FEET; LENGTH 53 FEET; HEIGHT 11 FEET; WEIGHT (EMPTY) 5,082 POUNDS
WEIGHT (FULL) 6,505 POUNDS; ARMAMENT: NO DATA AVAILABLE; RANGE OF ACTION: NO DATA AVAILABLE.
DOPPLER RANGE-FINDER ANTENNA
GAS TANK
TRANSMITTER
POLARIZED BULLETPROOF CABIN
HOOK FOR SHORT LANDINGS
NUCLEAR WARHEAD-HOLDER
TURBINES CMF 56, DELTA F. 6750
FLIGHT CORRECTION DEFLECTOR
SUPPLEMENTARY STABILIZER
ELEVATOR
ESTIMATED DATA: WING LENGTH 41 FEET; LENGTH 37 FEET; HEIGHT 16 FEET; WEIGHT (EMPTY) 5,513 POUNDS
WEIGHT (FULL) 6,705 POUNDS; ARMAMENT: NO DATA AVAILABLE; RANGE OF ACTION: NO DATA AVAILABLE.
JGIMENEZ-79.

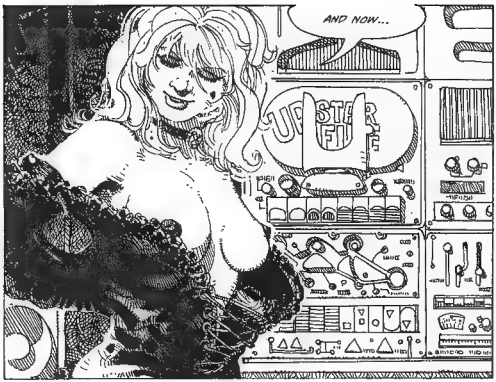

DAMN BAD LUCK!
ONE SHITTY TELEGRAM... AND GOODBYE FREEDOM! JUST MY LUCK!
AND I CAN'T EVEN LEAVE THE COUNTRY, NO FOREIGN TRAVEL IS ALLOWED.
BARRERO GIMENEZ

I WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!
NEXT, PLEASE.
DICK FOOT, FROM CLEVERS.
THE DOOR TO YOUR LEFT, MR FOOT.

BARINETTO
POSITRONICO
SIT DOWN AND CONCENTRATE ON THAT SCREEN.
AGGRESSIVENESS COEFFICIENT: 0.
DISCIPLINE AND RESPECT: 1.5.
LEADERSHIP SKILLS: 0.2. ABILITY TO WORK WITH OTHERS: 0.1. YOUR RESULTS ALL POINT IN ONE DIRECTION, FOOT....
WE CANNOT DRAFT YOU. YOU WILL BE OF NO USE TO US IN THE WAR, FOOT... YOU SHOULDN'T FEEL HAPPY ABOUT THIS... IT'S REALLY VERY SAD--YOU'RE USELESS.
YOU CAN GO NOW. YOU ARE OFFICIALLY EXEMPT FROM MILITARY SERVICE.

FREE! WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT! FANTASTIC!
BUT..
OOF!
I'M SORRY, I WASN'T PAYING ATTENTION...
I KNOW.. YOU MUST HAVE SMOKED A JOINT...
OH, NO! NO, SOMETHING BETTER I'M EXEMPT FROM THE DRAFT- THAT'S A MUCH BETTER HIGH!
WELL, IN THAT CASE, WE MUST CELEBRATE! BY THE WAY, MY NAME IS JANE.
FOOT. DICK. FOOT
COME ON, DICK LET'S GO TO MY PLACE. I'VE GOT SOMETHING REALLY SPECIAL THERE.. SOMETHING THAT WILL REALLY MAKE YOU FLY.. AND THIS SEEMS TO BE THE RIGHT TIME TO TRY IT.

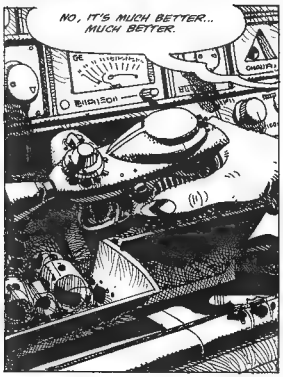
IT'S NOT FAR FROM HERE... A SHORT WALK.
WELCOME TO THE GARDEN OF EDEN.
WOW! THIS PLACE IS REALLY LUXURIOUS!
YOU MUST HAVE A GREAT JOB, IF YOU CAN AFFORD ALL THIS.
DON'T BE SNIDE! I MAKE MY MONEY RENTING OUT LOFTS IN THIS BUILDING.. IT USED TO BELONG TO MY GRANDPARENTS.
LET'S PUT ON SOME MUSIC!.. HOW ABOUT "STARFIRE"?

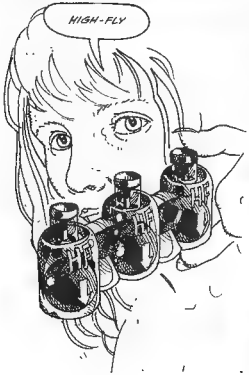

AND NOW...

...FOR THE PLUNGE!

COME IN, DICK! THE WATER'S GREAT... IT WILL RELAX YOU.

AND IF YOU PROMISE TO BE GOOD, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT STUFF I TOLD YOU ABOUT....
WHAT IS IT? LSD?


NO, IT'S MUCH BETTER... MUCH BETTER.


HIGH-FLY

HIGH-FLY? NEVER HEARD OF IT!
IT'S A RECENT DISCOVERY. IT'S VERY POTENT STUFF. IT MAKES YOU FLY VERY, VERY HIGH. HERE, YOU HAVE TO SNORT IT.

continued on page 69

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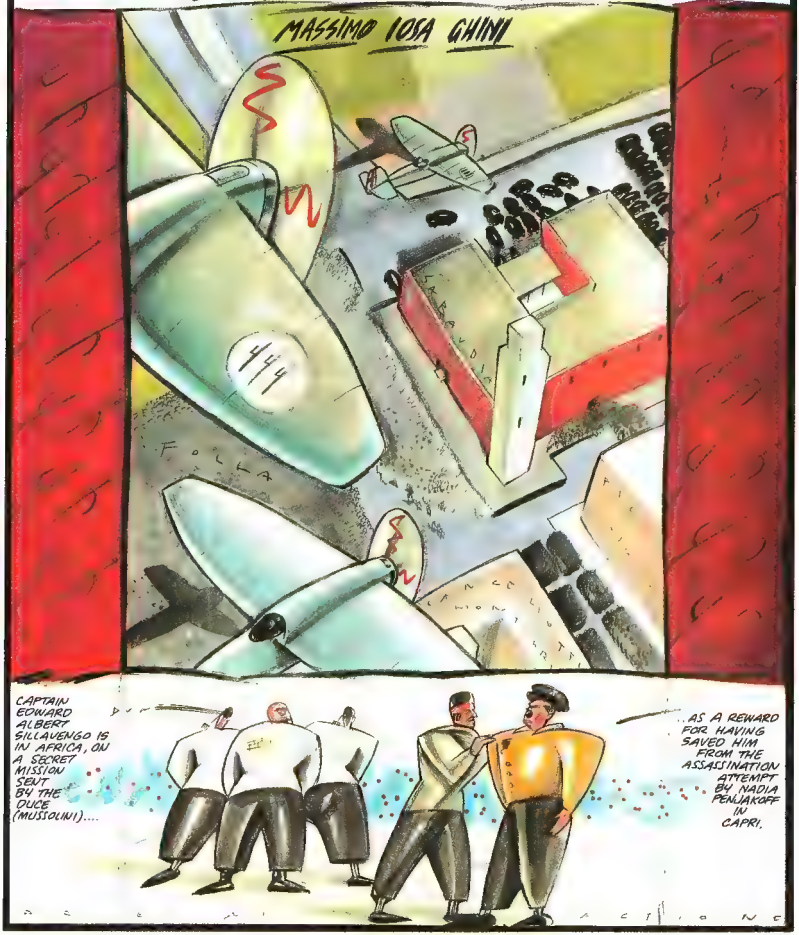
SILLAVENGO IN AFRICA

BY MASSIMO IOSA GHINI WRITTEN BY MAURIZIO CORRADO

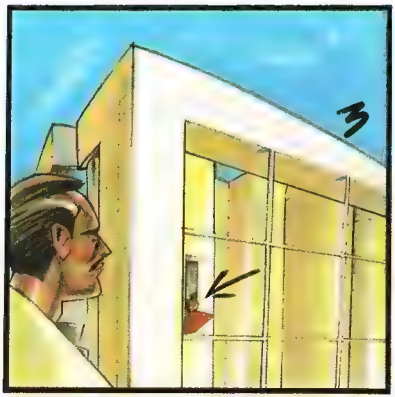

MASSIMO IOSA GHINI
CAPTAIN EDWARD ALBERT SILLAVENGO IS IN AFRICA, ON A SECRET MISSION SENT BY THE DUCE (MUSSOLINI)....
..AS A REWARD FOR HAVING SAVED HIM FROM THE ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT BY NADIA PENJAKOFF IN CAPRI.

THIS NEW AND SOMEWHAT DISCONCERTING ADVENTURE BEGINS WITH A PORTRAIT OF CAPTAIN SILLAVENGO TAKEN WHILE HE IS JUST WAKING UP.

HE WALKS OUT ON THE ETHIOPIAN STREET WEARING A LIGHT LINEN SUIT.

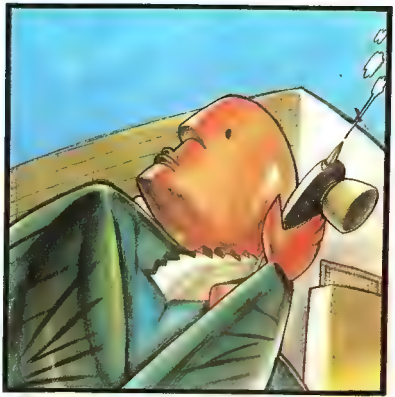
HE TAKES A RESTORATIVE SHOWER IN THE HOTEL ON LAKE TANA WHERE HE HAS TAKEN A ROOM.

AND STROLLS, PROUD AND ERECT, AMONG THE MARKET STALLS.

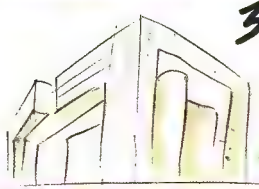


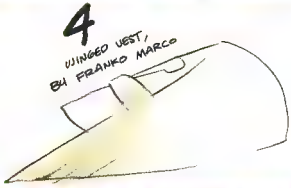
HIS ALERT VISION SPOTS AN UNFAMILIAR FACE. IT BELONGS TO GAETANO DONIZZETTI, A FRIEND OF GIUSEPPE VERDI'S.

GULU CAPTURES THE CAPTAIN'S ATTENTION WITH AN IMAGINATIVE STRATAGEM.



THESE TWO YOUNG DESERTERS FROM FOGGIA NOW CALL THEMSELVES GULU MILONGA AND GIRONIMO FLIT, AND PASS AS LOCAL INHABITANTS.

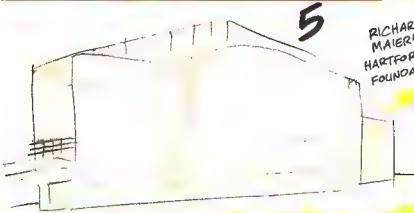




THE FIGHTING DOMESTIC FOWLS ARE EXTREMELY VIRULENT

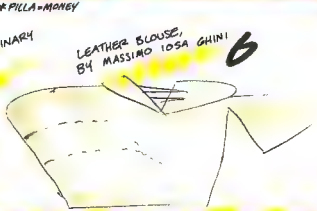
THE FOLLOWING EVENING....

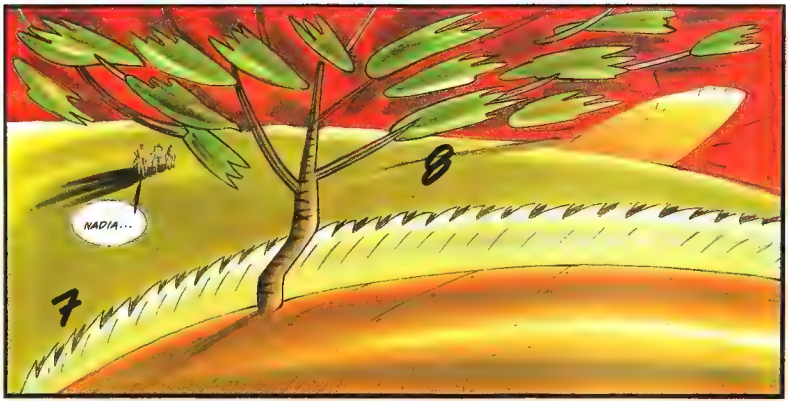
*PILLA=MONEY



RICHARD MAIER'S HARTFORD SEMINARY FOUNDATION

LEATHER BLOUSE, BY MASSIMO IOSA GHINI





IN THE BLISTERING HOT SAVANNAH.

WHEN THE HUMID YET SULTRY ETHIOPIAN NIGHT FINALLY FALLS, SILLAVENGO REALIZES THAT HE NOW IS COMPLETELY ALONE, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SAVANNAH. AN ELEPHANT TRUMPETS IN THE DISTANCE. WILL ZORRO COME OUT OF HIS HIDING PLACE?

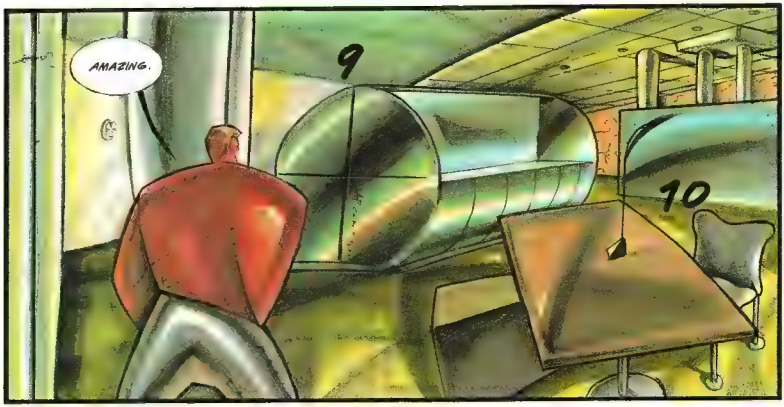
7 ARTIFICIAL GRASS

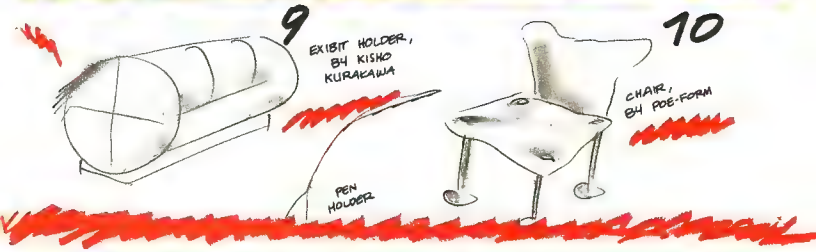
8 ARTIFICIAL FLORA

PINK DAWN ON THE SAVANNAH. SILLAVONGO SPOTS A TALL BUILDING IN THE DISTANCE.

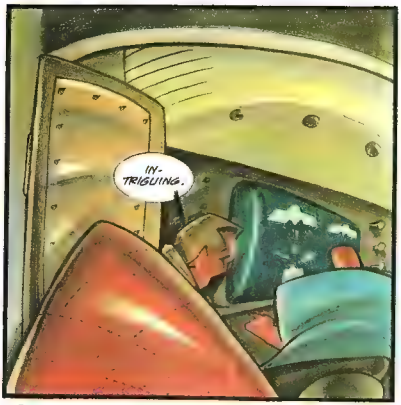
HE REACHES IT AND GOES IN, PERTURBED BY A SLIGHT ANXIETY.

THE BUILDING IS A PINS, AN ENGLISH PLACE IN THE MIDST OF THE SAVANNAH. THE ARCHITECTURE IS DELICIOUSLY CONTEMPORARY.

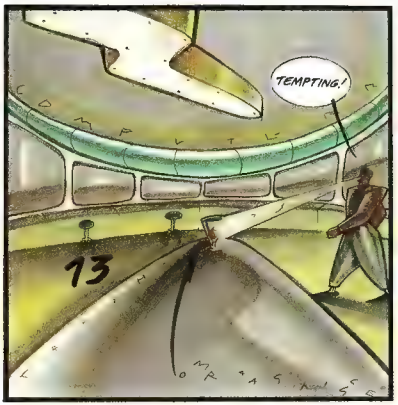




TOP SECRET EXPERIMENTS TAKE PLACE IN THE PINS. ONLY THE NINE PEOPLE WHO WORK THERE AND THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND KNOW OF ITS EXISTENCE.



THE MACHINERY IS AT LEAST 100 YEARS IN ADVANCE OF OUR CURRENT TECHNOLOGY.



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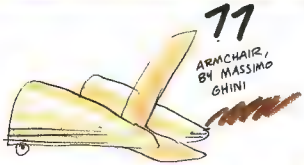
ARMCHAIR, BY MASSIMO GHINI



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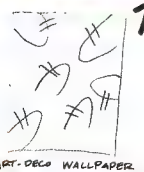
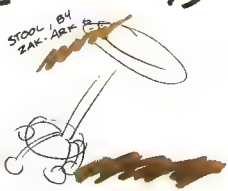


ART-DECO WALLPAPER

13

STOOL, BY ZAK+ARK RE



CROTONE, SIXTH CENTURY B.C., MOMENTS BEFORE THE PYTHAGOREANS'S ORGIASTIC MASSACRE. ON THE BANQUET TABLE, SIX DANCERS FROM THE ISLAND OF BALI, THEIR SKIN AMBER IN THE LIGHT.

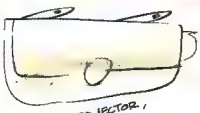
DECORATION, BY ZAK-ARY: "WHEN IT DISAPPEARS YOU FEEL AS IF YOU WERE ABOUT TO DIE."

NADIA?

GOOD MORNING, MISTER...
SILLAVENGO. CARTAINEDWARD ALBERT SILLAVENGO. ITALIAN HERO.
15

OH, ITALY... I REMEMBER MY DAYS IN VENICE... VIVALDI... GIORGIONE... NINA... PLEASE FORGIVE ME, CAPTAIN, BUT NOBODY MUST KNOW OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE PINS. I AM FORCED TO ARREST YOU AND I SHALL PROBABLY HAVE TO KILL YOU. CARE FOR A DRINK?
14

BUT, SIR...
PLEASE EXCUSE ME, LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS, AT YOUR SERVICE
16
NADIA?


14
PROJECTOR, BY ZAK ARK

15
CRYSTAL GOBLET "GLASGOW" BY ARCHIZUMBOLI

16
"LORD" HAIRCUT, BY TIRONI & CO.

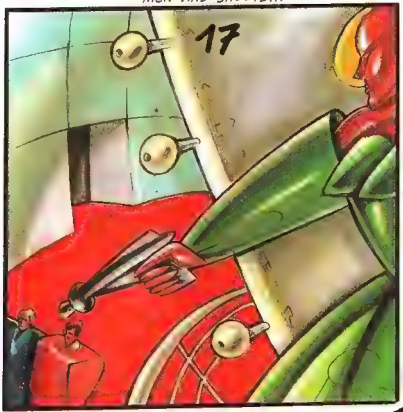
COME, MR. SILLAVENGO. MISS PENJAKOFF IS THE ONLY WOMAN WHO HAS ACCEPTED TO TEST OUR TIME/SPACE MACHINE, THROUGH WHICH ONE CAN TRAVEL ALL OVER THE WORLD AND THROUGHOUT HISTORY.
WHAT A WOMAN..

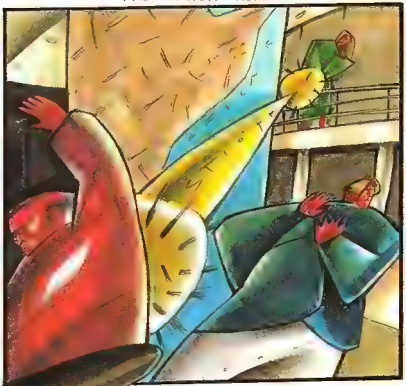
MYSTICAL ENVIRONMENTS.

...WHILE NADIA PENJAKOFF, HIDDEN BEHIND A VIDEO MAP OF EASTERN AFRICA, POINTS HER TECHNO-EXCITING, POST SF GUN ON THE TWO MEN AND SHOOTS...

LORD DOUGLAS INSERTS VIVALDI IN THE PINS, AND TAKES SILLAVENGO THROUGH THE MOST TECHNO-EXCITING AND MARVELOUS BUILDING IN THE WORLD.

...HITTING SILLAVENGO, WHO FALLS IN THE SCINTILLATING TECHNOLOGICAL VOID. THUS FATALLY ENDS THIS EPISODE OF THE ADVENTURES OF OUR PRE-GALACTIC HERO





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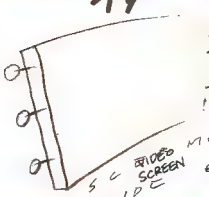

18

PLAY PISTOL, BY BRETT!

The surprising world of 2085 A.D. won't come as a surprise to you . . .

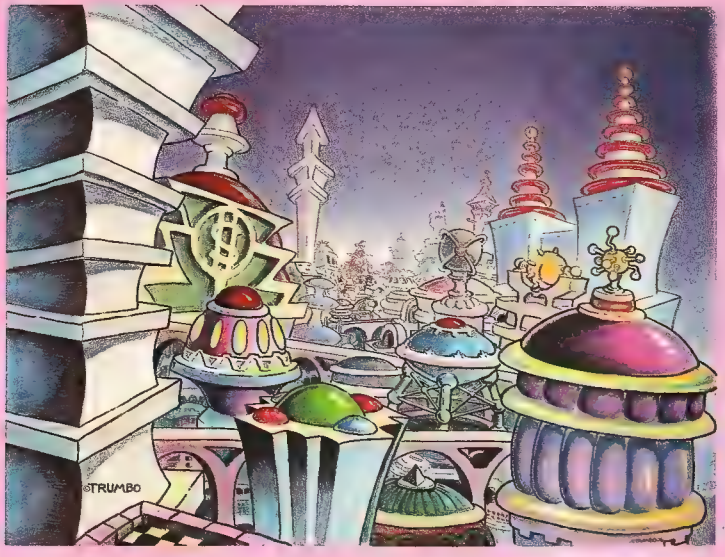

Illustration © Phil Trumbo

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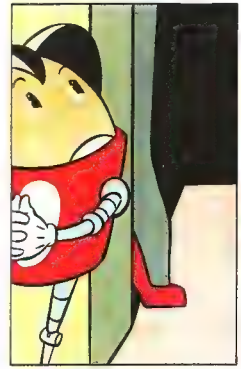
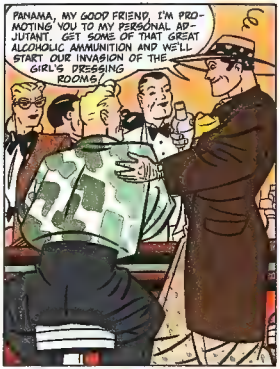
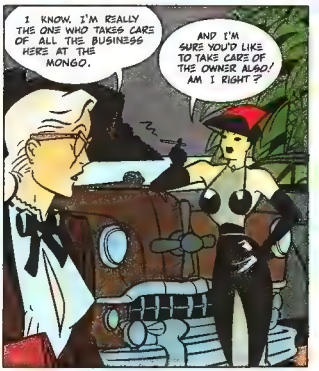



PANAMA, MY GOOD FRIEND, I'M PROMOTING YOU TO MY PERSONAL ADJUTANT. GET SOME OF THAT GREAT ALCOHOLIC AMMUNITION AND WE'LL START OUR INVASION OF THE GIRL'S DRESSING ROOMS!

PEPE GUTI, YOU OLD COSSACK! YOU CERTAINLY KNOW HOW TO LIVE!

YOU WORK A LOT, HONEY.


I KNOW. I'M REALLY THE ONE WHO TAKES CARE OF ALL THE BUSINESS HERE AT THE MONGO.
AND I'M SURE YOU'D LIKE TO TAKE CARE OF THE OWNER ALSO! AM I RIGHT?

LISTEN, AND DON'T GET ANGRY. IF YOU REALLY WANT HIM TO NOTICE YOU, YOU'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE EXCITING THAN TAKING CARE OF THE BILLS!
YOU INSOLENT TWIT!

SHOW HIM THAT THERE IS A WOMAN HIDDEN BEHIND THESE SPECTACLES! DO SOMETHING FOR ME TONIGHT, AND I PROMISE THAT YOU WILL TRULY IMPRESS HIM.

AND, IF HIS ADMIRATION IS NOT SUFFICIENT PAYMENT, I CAN PROBABLY GIVE YOU SOME MONEY....

PLAC!

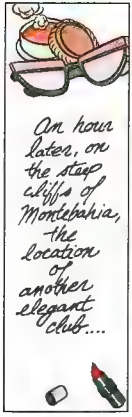
THAT WAS PRETTY GOOD!
WHAT SHOULD I DO ?

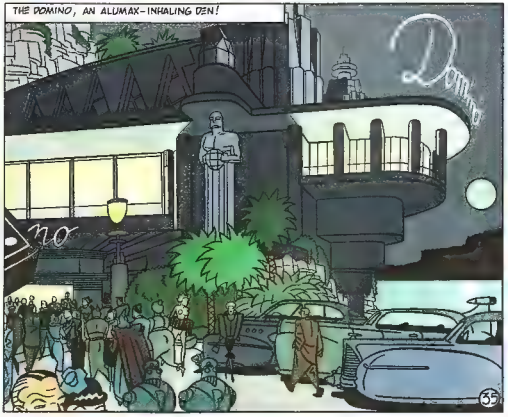
LEAVE THIS PACKAGE IN A CERTAIN PLACE AND DISAPPEAR. I'LL TELL YOU THE DETAILS IF YOU'RE INTERESTED.

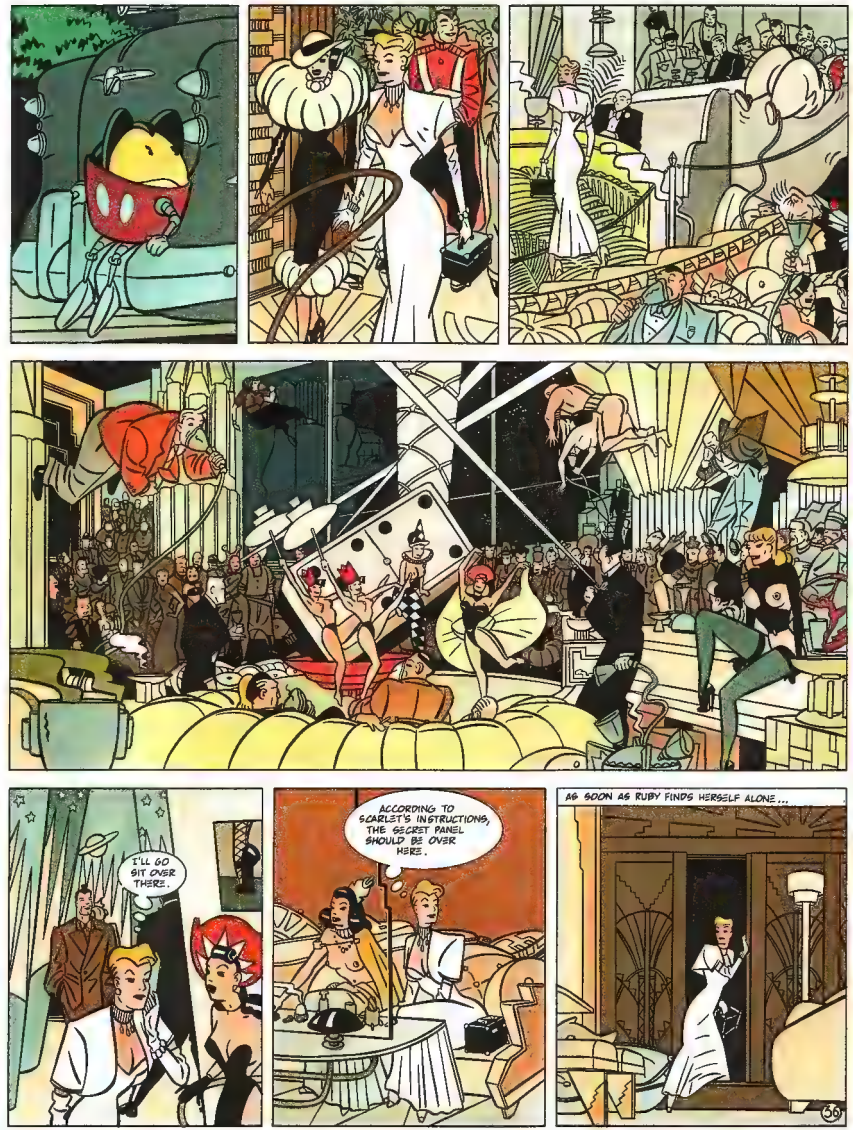
A FEW MOMENTS LATER ....
WELL, THAT WAS CHEAP! ALL IT COST ME WAS A SLAP IN THE FACE!

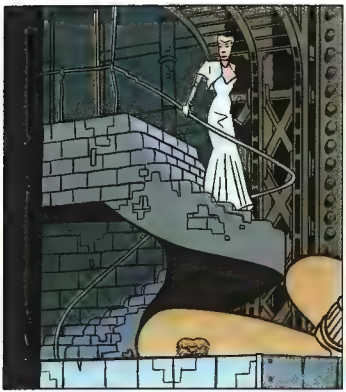
SCARLET, I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED!...

... PANAMA HAS FALLEN INTO A BOTTLE!
LET'S GO TO THE RESCUE!


An hour later, on the steep cliffs of Montebahia, the location of another elegant club....

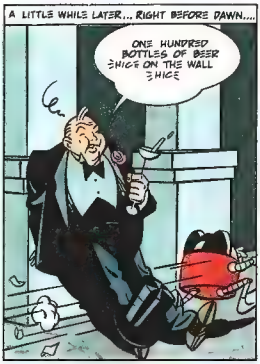

THE DOMINO, AN ALUMAX-INHALING DEN!
Domino
35


I'LL GO SIT OVER THERE.
ACCORDING TO SCARLET'S INSTRUCTIONS, THE SECRET PANEL SHOULD BE OVER HERE.
AS SOON AS RUBY FINDS HERSELF ALONE...
36

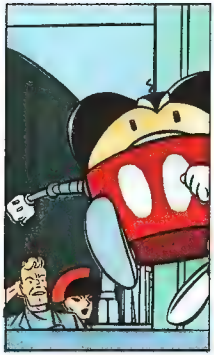


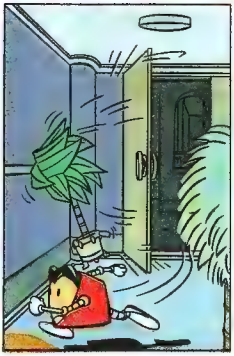
VENTILATORS?

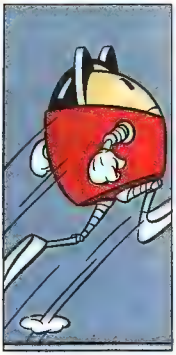
I BETTER SWALLOW MY CURIOSITY. I'LL LEAVE THE PACKAGE AND DISAPPEAR.

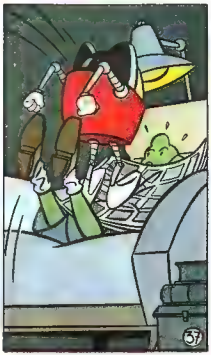

A LITTLE WHILE LATER... RIGHT BEFORE DAWN...
ONE HUNDRED BOTTLES OF BEER ƎHIC∃ ON THE WALL ƎHIC∃

Kiip!
?
?





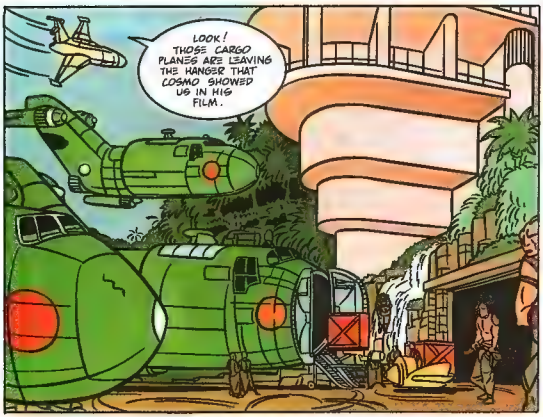




?
?
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH COSMO?
WHO GAVE HIM SOMETHING TO DRINK?
WHAT'S HE DOING?
LOOK AT THAT!
HE'S SHOWING US SOMETHING!
HUM!
THE WHISPER! SHIT! HE'S CHANGED HIS PLANS. HE'S PACKING HIS CRATES ALREADY!
RUBY!!
THAT STUPID TWIT FELL IN A TRAP AND RUINED ALL MY PLANS! IT WILL TAKE OVER A HALF HOUR FOR THE BOMB TO GO OFF!
!
SO THIS IS ALL YOUR DOING, YOU SLIMY INSECT! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO RUBY!!
WOW! THE ICEBERG IS FINALLY MELTING!

LISTEN TO ME, BRAINY. I DIDN'T FINISH OFF THE WHISPER WHEN I CAUGHT HIM AT THE "HEROS AND PIRATES." I HAD ANOTHER CLUE WHICH TOOK ME TO THE DOMINO, BUT I COULDN'T RISK SHOWING MY FACE THERE, YOU KNOW THAT THEY ARE SPYING ON ME. I NEEDED AN INNOCENT ACCOMPLICE, AND THE GIRL HAPPENED TO BE RIGHT HERE.
...I DID IT FOR MY BROTHER.
YOUR FAMILY BE DAMNED! I WANT TO GET RUBY OUT OF THERE!
I THINK THE TIME IS RIPE FOR A FEW BLOWS!
GET YOUR SPACE-SHIP READY, PANAMA!
IT WILL BE READY IN A MOMENT.
THAT'S IT! LET'S GO!!
YOU'RE STAYING RIGHT HERE! I DON'T WANT ANY AMATEURS, WITH ME!
HEY!
TRAC!
LET ME GO! YOU TRAITOR! SCORPIAN! SLIMY BULLY!
TAKE THE KEYS, PEPS, AND DON'T LET HER OUT OF YOUR SIGHT!
YOU PIMP! YOU STINKING SEWER!"
59

WHERE'S SCARLET?
SHE'S NOT COMING. SHE DOESN'T LIKE TO TRAVEL AT HIGH SPEEDS.
OHHHH! OHHHH!
OH, PEPE! I THINK THAT BRUTE HURT MY FOOT WITH HIS CLUMSY HANDS!
LOOK CAREFULLY PLEASE! DO YOU THINK SOMETHING ELSE IS WRONG?
IN THE MEANTIME....
SLOW DOWN, PANAMA. THE DOMINO IS TO YOUR RIGHT.
40

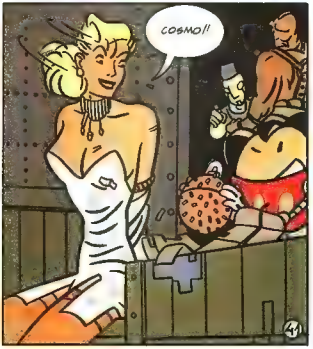

LOOK! THOSE CARGO PLANES ARE LEAVING THE HANGER THAT COSMO SHOWED US IN HIS FILM.

AND WHAT IF THEY GREET US WITH SOME TRIGGER ACTION?
DON'T BE A BLOCKHEAD! RUBY IS DOWN THERE WITH THE BOMB!
LEAVE THEM BEHIND AND LAND ON THE TERRACE.

LET'S FOLLOW COSMO.

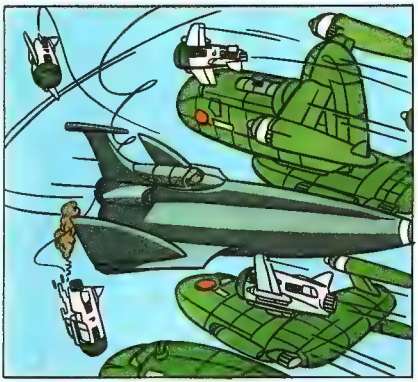
GREAT! WE CAN SEE EVERYTHING FROM HERE.

THEY ARE ABOUT FINISHED LOADING THE VENTILATORS.
I SEE RUBY DOWN THERE!

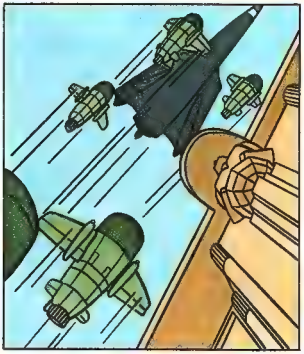

COSMO!!
41

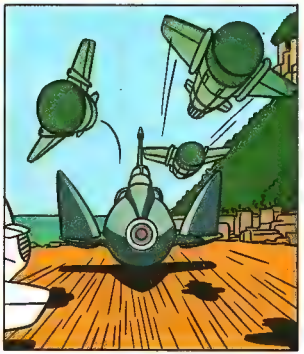
CLONK
COSMO, THAT WAS FANTASTIC!! AND NOW, PANAMA, LET'S PROCEED AS PLANNED: YOU START THE CIRCUS GOING WHILE I TAKE THE GIRL AWAY!
DELIGHTED!
THANK YOU, MY FRIEND!
KIP!
AUGHH!
ARMANDO!!
TAKE THIS, FLAT-NOSE!!
42

BZZZ... ROCCO VARGAS... BZZZ... AND CHICO PANAMA!!! BZZZZ... THE GIRL... ZZ.. MUST BE ONE OF THEM... ZZZZ.
ARE THEY MAKING TOO MUCH OF A FUSS FOR YOU, BOSS?
BZZ... NO... THIS IS ONLY... ZZZ... THE SECOND STUPID MOVE THEY'VE MADE... ZZZ... THE NEXT ONE.... MIGHT END TRAGICALLY FOR THEM... ZZZ.
THIS IS THE LAST CRATE, CHIEF!
IT MAKES ME SICK..ZZZ...BUT I FEEL KIND OF SORRY FOR THESE GUYS... ZZZ... LET'S GO.
HERE'S THE ESCORT.
BZZ... WELL, LET'S LEAVE... ZZZ.
ROCCO, THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT MAN, THE WHISPER, THAT'S REALLY FAMILIAR .... SOMETHING ABOUT HIS FACE ...
DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?
WELL! WHY WAS THIS GIRL HIDING HER LEGS ALL THIS TIME?!!
LOOK AT THAT! THE POLICE IS ESCORTING THEM!
AND WHY SHOULD THIS BOTHER ANYONE?
DON'T GET ANGRY! THINK ABOUT YOUR HEALTH!
SUDDENLY....
BAM!
43

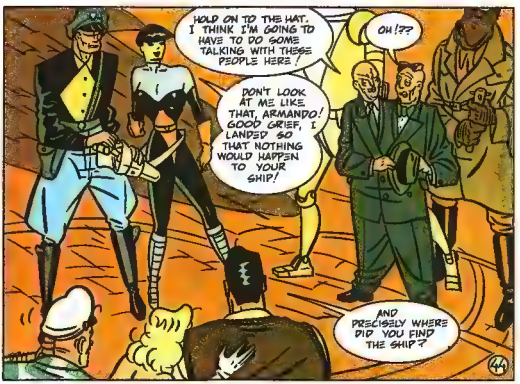


DID YOU SEE THAT?! IT'S THE DISTANT STAR?! WHERE DID SHE COME FROM?
I THINK I KNOW THE ANSWER!
STOP THAT SPACESHIP!

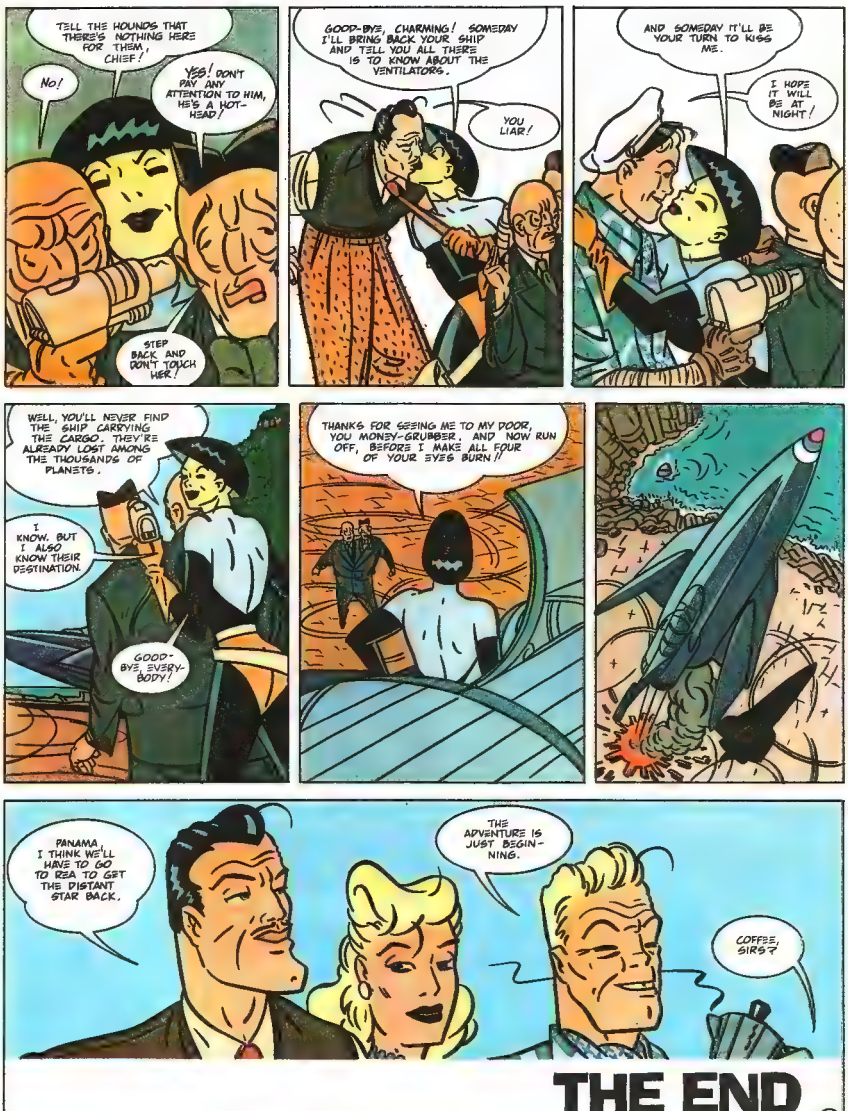




HI, THERE, YOU GUYS! ISN'T IT JUST A LOVELY DAY?!


HOLD ON TO THE HAT. I THINK I'M GOING TO HAVE TO DO SOME TALKING WITH THESE PEOPLE HERE!
OH!??
DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, ARMANDO! GOOD GRIEF, I LANDED SO THAT NOTHING WOULD HAPPEN TO YOUR SHIP!
AND PRECISELY WHERE DID YOU FIND THE SHIP?

PEPE GUTI TOLD ME WHERE IT WAS HIDDEN, WHILE HE WAS PLAYING WITH THE ZIPPER ON MY DRESS AND I WAS TAKING THE KEYS TO THE HANDCUFFS FROM HIS POCKET.
SHUT UP! YOU'LL NEED YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR TO HELP YOU DEAL WITH THE FINE I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU!
I THOUGHT I HAD WARNED YOU, MISTRAL!
YOUR FITS DON'T SCARE ME, CHIEF, THEY ONLY PEAK MY INTEREST. AND WHEN THAT HAPPENS, I RUN TO SOME OF MY JOURNALIST FRIENDS, WHO START ASKING ALL SORTS OF QUESTIONS FOR ME.
BE CAREFUL!
AND DO YOU REALIZE WHAT A DANGEROUS THING YOU ASKED RUBY TO DO??
YEEESS! JUST LOOK AT THAT SAD FACE OVER THERE!
SHE GOT JUST WHAT SHE WANTED! BY THE WAY, WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE BOMB?
THE BOMB!!
BAUM


TELL THE HOUNDS THAT THERE'S NOTHING HERE FOR THEM, CHIEF!
No!
YES! DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HIM, HE'S A HOT-HEAD!
STEP BACK AND DON'T TOUCH HER!
GOOD-BYE, CHARMING! SOMEDAY I'LL BRING BACK YOUR SHIP AND TELL YOU ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT THE VENTILATORS.
YOU LIAR!
AND SOMEDAY IT'LL BE YOUR TURN TO KISS ME.
I HOPE IT WILL BE AT NIGHT!
WELL, YOU'LL NEVER FIND THE SHIP CARRYING THE CARGO. THEY'RE ALREADY LOST AMONG THE THOUSANDS OF PLANETS.
I KNOW. BUT I ALSO KNOW THEIR DESTINATION.
GOOD-BYE, EVERY-BODY!
THANKS FOR SEEING ME TO MY DOOR, YOU MONEY-GRUBBER. AND NOW RUN OFF, BEFORE I MAKE ALL FOUR OF YOUR EYES BURN!!
PANAMA, I THINK WE'LL HAVE TO GO TO REA TO GET THE DISTANT STAR BACK.
THE ADVENTURE IS JUST BEGIN-NING.
COFFEE, SIRS?
THE END

PAMELA LEE

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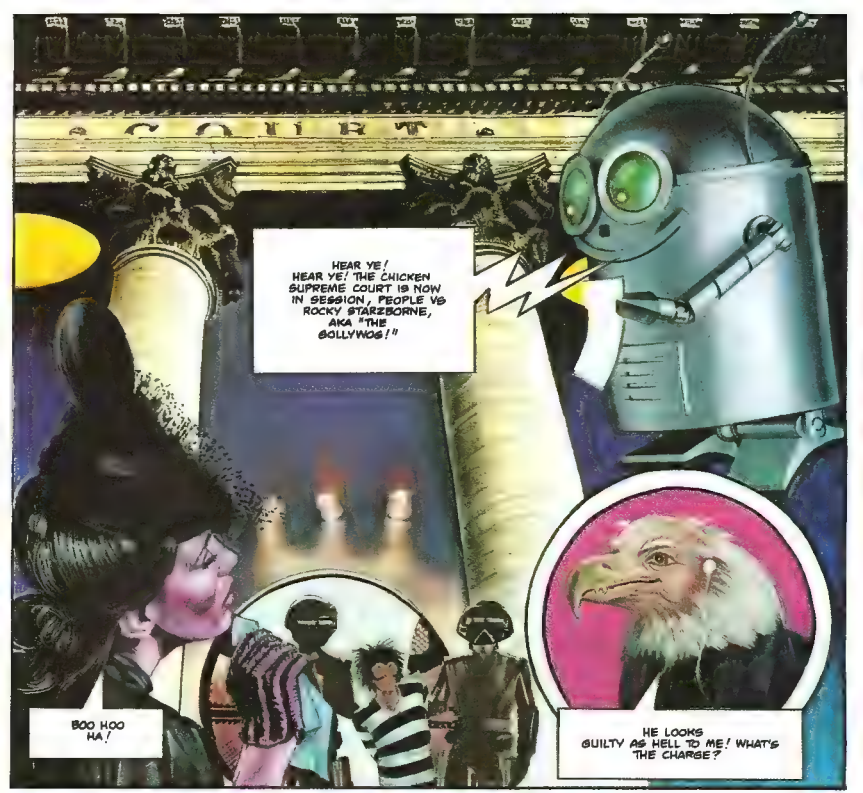
ROCK OPERA

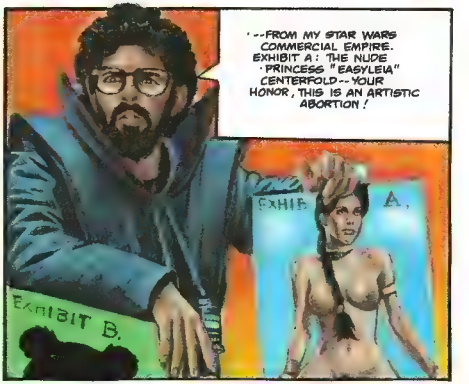
by Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.

ONCE HE HAD PERCHED ATOP THE VERY PINNACLE OF SUCCESS; NOW ROCKY WALLOWED IN A MIASMA OF MARRIED LIFE IN A SKID ROW MOTEL ROOM....
JUNIOR'S HUNGRY AGAIN, BUSTER-- YOU BETTER GET OUT THERE AND BRING HOME SOME BACON!
DOES THAT MEAN I HAVE TO GET OUT OF BED?
YEAH. (SNIFF) MAYBE I'LL AIR OUT THE SHEETS-- HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN LYING HERE, ANYWAY?
JUST A YEAR.
WHAT KIND OF JOB CAN A BROKEN-DOWN OLD HAS-BEEN LIKE ME GET?
I KNOW! I'LL ENDORSE A MAJOR PRODUCT ON TV!
EATS
MR. STARZBORNE? MY NAME IS LUCAS SPIELBINDER--AND I'M PUTTING YOU UNDER ARREST!

ARREST? BUT--BUT WHAT FOR?
HEY!
FOR DEFAMATION OF CARTOON CHARACTER. TAKE HIM AWAY, BOYS!
WELL, JAIL ISN'T NEARLY AS BAD AS I THOUGHT! AT LEAST IN HERE I'M SAFE FROM MY WIFE AND KID....
CRACK!
VISITING TIME!
OH, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!


COURT
HEAR YE! HEAR YE! THE CHICKEN SUPREME COURT IS NOW IN SESSION, PEOPLE VS ROCKY STARZBORNE, AKA "THE BOLLYWOG!"
BOO HOO HA!
HE LOOKS GUILTY AS HELL TO ME! WHAT'S THE CHARGE?

DEFAMATION OF CARTOON CHARACTER, YOUR HONOR. I SHALL PROVE THAT THE DEFENDANT DID WILLFULLY AND MALICIOUSLY SATIRIZE CERTAIN CHARACTERS--


--FROM MY STAR WARS COMMERCIAL EMPIRE. EXHIBIT A: THE NUDE PRINCESS "EASYLEIA" CENTERFOLD--YOUR HONOR, THIS IS AN ARTISTIC ABORTION!
EXHIBIT A.
EXHIBIT B.

ABORTION? HAS HE NO RESPECT FOR THE SANCTITY OF HUMAN LIFE? I MUST DEMAND THE DEATH PENALTY!
ZZZZ
Coke
I CONFESS! I ADMIT I MADE FUN OF ALL THESE FAMOUS COPYRIGHTED PRODUCTS--
--BUT HOW ELSE COULD I MAKE SENSE OF YOUR WORLD? YOU'VE FILLED IT UP WITH YOUR TV TIE-IN NOVELTY TOYS AND PLASTIC VIDEO JUNK. AS LONG AS YOU KEEP BOMBARDING ME WITH ALL THIS STUFF, MR SPIELBINDER, THEN I'LL CONTINUE TO FILL THIS SPACE WITH--
--GIANT KING SNOOPY DOLLS AND FLYING DARTH VADER CHOCOLATE COOKIES AND LIFE-SIZED BARBIE MAKE-UP MANNEQUINS AND....

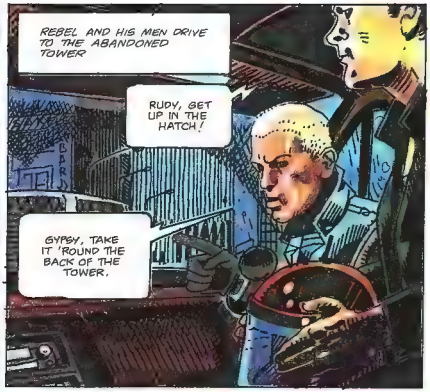
SILENCE! YOU ARE HEREBY ORDERED TO CEASE AND DESIST FROM ALL FURTHER FANTASY AND SATIRE! IN THE HOLY NAME OF WALT DISNEY, I SENTENCE YOU TO--REALITY....

WH-WHAT'S "REALITY?"
DOES IT HURT?
GASP!

THE TOWER, ONE OF THE ONLY LANDMARKS STILL RECOGNIZABLE, IS DOLL'S FORTRESS IT IS A CASTLE IN A KINGDOM OF TERROR. NO INTRUDER HAS EVER LIVED TO TELL THE TALE. IT IS A MONOLITH OF PAIN AND HATE, AND ON THE TOP OF IT, LORI, ALONE, EXPOSED TO THE ELEMENTS, SHE WAITS.
REBEL
by Pepe Moreno

REBEL QUICKLY FORMULATES A PLAN.
IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT IT JUST MIGHT WORK.
A HAIRCUT AT A TIME LIKE THIS?
LET'S GET TO WORK...WE'RE GOING TO SAVE LORI. RUDY, FIND THE SCISSORS.
SKICH! SKICH
YOU LOOK JUST LIKE A SKINHEAD!
EXACTLY, NOW LET'S GET...
SNAP!
REBEL'S OLD PARA-TROOPER EQUIPMENT COMES IN HANDY.
CLINK
COME ON, LET'S GO. I'LL TELL YOU THE PLAN ON THE WAY.

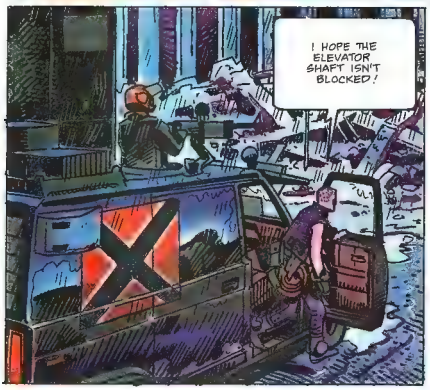
AND THAT'S THE PLAN. REMEMBER YOUR CUES!

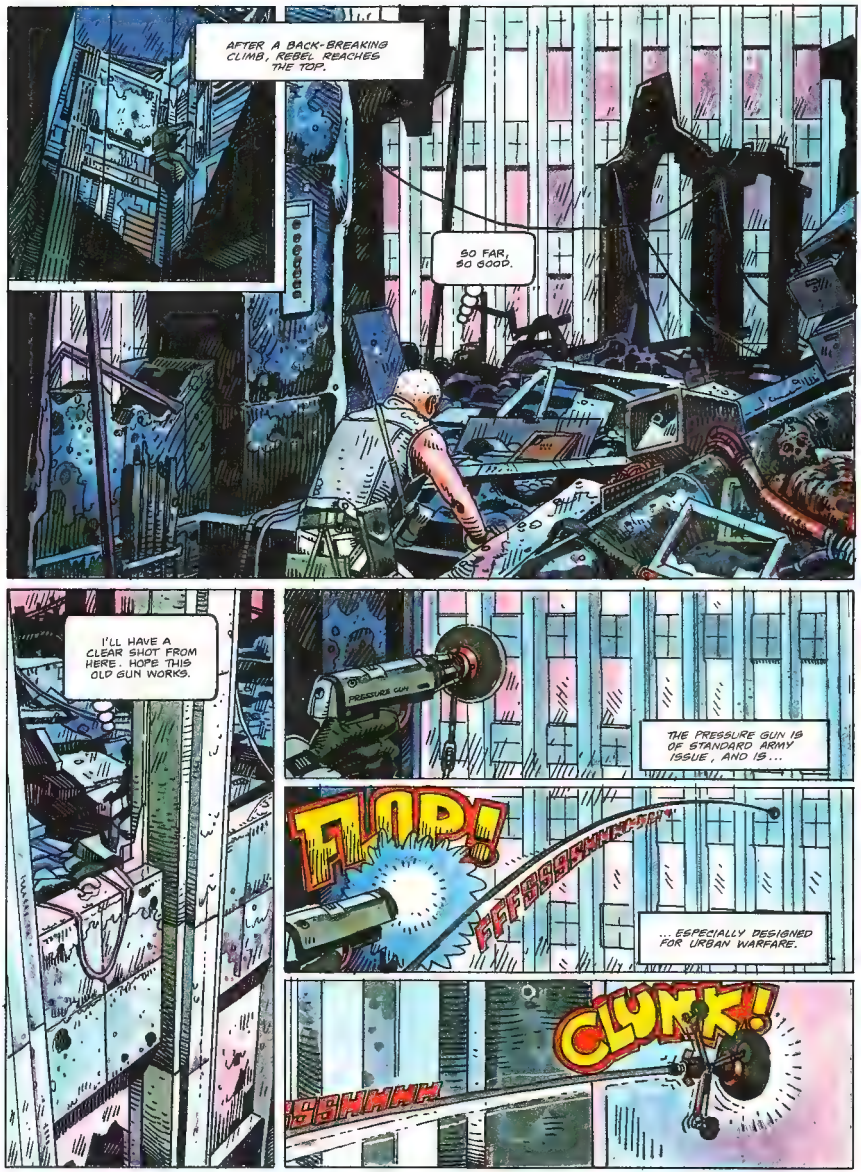

REBEL AND HIS MEN DRIVE TO THE ABANDONED TOWER
RUDY, GET UP IN THE HATCH!
GYPSY, TAKE IT 'ROUND THE BACK OF THE TOWER.

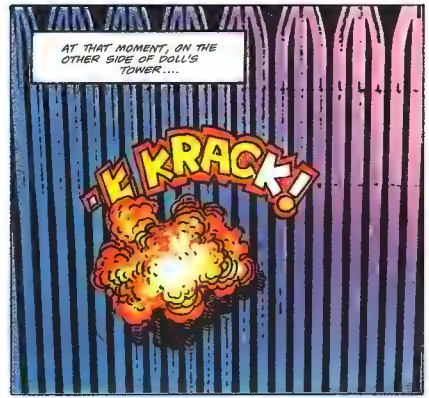
I STILL THINK YOU'RE CRAZY THE ODDS ARE...

SHIT, GYPSY! I KNOW THE ODDS! GET GOING!

OKAY, DON'T GO IN ANY FURTHER. NOW, GET THE VAN OUT OF SIGHT AND GET READY!
EVEN THOUGH THE SECOND TOWER IS ABANDONED, THIS IS SKINHEAD TERRITORY, AND IT'S ALWAYS HEAVILY PATROLLED. REBEL'S GOT TO MOVE QUICKLY


I HOPE THE ELEVATOR SHAFT ISN'T BLOCKED!

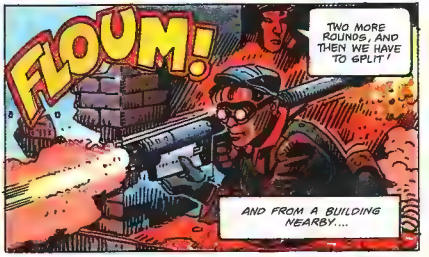

AFTER A BACK-BREAKING CLIMB, REBEL REACHES THE TOP.
SO FAR, SO GOOD.
I'LL HAVE A CLEAR SHOT FROM HERE. HOPE THIS OLD GUN WORKS.
PRESSURE GUN
THE PRESSURE GUN IS OF STANDARD ARMY ISSUE, AND IS...
FLOP!
FFFFSSSHHHHH!!!
...ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR URBAN WARFARE.
CLUNK!
SSHHHH

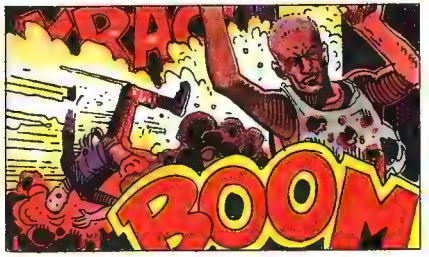

AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF DOLL'S TOWER....
KRACK!

RIGHT ON TIME, BOYS. THAT'LL DIVERT THE SKINS. SHOULD GIVE ME THE FEW SECONDS I NEED TO GET ACROSS

I'M ALMOST THERE ...
AMIDST THE CONFUSION, REBEL SLIDES DOWN THE WIRE, SAFELY OUT OF SIGHT.

AH, THAT SOUNDS LIKE REBEL. MY, MY, HE'S IN A HURRY!
HURE! HURE! HURE!


FLOUM!
TWO MORE ROUNDS, AND THEN WE HAVE TO SPLIT!
AND FROM A BUILDING NEARBY....


BOOM

FLOOP
I MADE IT, NO THANKS TO THE WEATHER!
THE RAIN HAS MADE THE ALUMINUM SLIPPERY, MAKING THE CLIMB HARDER FOR REBEL.
DAMN RAIN, I'D BETTER FIND AN OPENING SOON, I'M GETTING TIRED.
A BROKEN WINDOW OFFERS ENTRY...
THE COAST IS CLEAR LET'S SEE IF WE CAN MAKE IT TO THE TOP.
THESE STAIRS MUST GO TO THE ROOF.
MY GOD!
LORI, WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?

REBEL CONTINUES HIS CLIMB, DESPERATE TO RESCUE LORI.
LORI?
VROOM!!
SCREECH!!
ONCE THERE, HE CURSES DOLL'S TRICKERY.
DAMN YOU! WHERE IS LORI?
AH, YOU'RE UPSET!
LORI! TEE HEE
HAHAHA!
AH, MY DEAR REBEL, SHE WAS TRANSFERRED TO COSMO CITY FOR INTERROGATION SHE'S PROBABLY DEAD BY NOW BUT I COULDN'T RESIST CONTINUING OUR LITTLE GAME.
NOW, COME ON DOWN NICE AND EASY YOU HAVE SOME OLD FRIENDS IN COSMO CITY WHO ARE JUST DYING TO SEE YOU.

OKAY, DOLL, YOU WIN.
LORI IN COSMO CITY? KANE AND KESSLER ARE PROBABLY BEHIND ALL OF THIS.
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, DOLL. AND YOU SCHMUCKS, I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU FOLLOW THIS GUY!
SHUT UP, REBEL! YOU'RE IN NO POSITION TO PROSELYTIZE
NOW BE A GOOD BOY AND COME INSIDE!
YEAH?
NO, THANKS ANYWAY, BUT I THINK I'LL BE GOING!
STOP HIM!
BRAT
BLAM
RLAM!
GO!
UNLIKE THE SKINHEADS WHO ARE FREEFALLING WITH HIM, REBEL HAS ONE ADVANTAGE....

TO BE CONTINUED

The Gray Man

by Bilal

AND SO THE GRAY MAN, A RUSSIAN FROM ODESSA, CONTINUES TO HUG THE WALLS OF THE CITY OF THE WEST. MARY A SOUL HAS CROSSED HIS PATH
AH, THE ADS!
HE THOUGHT.
AH, CAFE ARABIKAV-- I REMEMBER THAT PLACE.. HOT AND STEAMY!
AH, THE ARABIKAV..
arabikav
ALL HE HAS TO DO IS TOUCH THE CUP ON THE BILLBOARD, AND HE WILL EXPERIENCE THE DESIRED EFFECTS: HEAT AND TASTE (WITHOUT SUGAR)
BYLT
AH, THE BREASTS
AND THEN THERE'S THE AD FOR ZBYLT SOAP. HAVING NOT HAD A BATH IN SOMETIME, THE SOAP MADE HIM FEEL CLEAN ALL OVER, AND THE BREASTS MADE HIM FEEL GOOD ALL OVER. THE GRAY MAN EXPERIENCED CARNEL KNOWLEDGE AT THE FOOT OF THE BILLBOARD.
I FEEL BETTER..
AND THEN FINALLY, THERE WAS THE AD FOR RADIOVOLT. HE WOULD NEED THIS IF HE WANTED TO GET THROUGH THE COLD SIBERIAN NIGHT.
THIS SHOULD KEEP ME WARM!
Radia
AND SO, IN THE EARLY MORNING, THE GRAY MAN FROM ODESSA COULD BE FOUND LYING DEAD IN THE SNOW. HE HAD BEEN ELECTROCUTED. FAULTY WIRING? NO, FAULTY ADVERTISING.
volt
BILAL

BE SURE THAT YOU

CUT IT OUT!

C'mon. Don't be shy. Just fill in the coupon below, and CUT IT OUT! Then send it to us with your check or money order. You won't find these unique products just anywhere.

Fundies...Half the Fun is Getting Into Them... the other half's up to you! A devilishly delightful novelty designed to promote serious intimacy at very close range. These undies were definitely not created to be worn back-to-back. High-cut styling gives you only so much room to be daringly imaginative. Fundies won't lose their shape no matter how many times you play in them. Includes 4 legs and 2 rears. One size fits two! Colors: white. **SPFUND** Fundies. **$7.95**

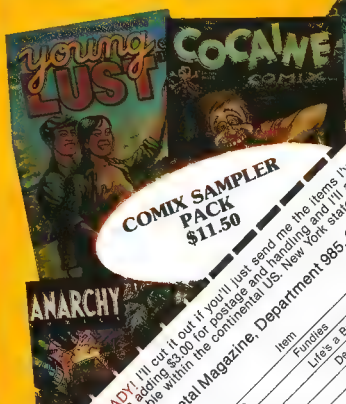
Post This Bathroom Humor on Your Walls for Some Good Clean Fun. This poster will remind your guests (and roommates) of the rudimentary rules for your washroom. Poster hanger is included. **PORH65** Tommy Toilet 16" × 22" **$8.75**

LIFE'S A BITCH . . .
THEN YOU DIE

Irreverent T-Shirt Says It For You —without mincing words. What this tee lacks in subtlety, it more than makes up for in cynicism. Order S, M, L, or XL and specify color preferences and we'll try to comply. Grey (E), light blue (L), beige (S). 50/50 poly cotton **TS220** T-Shirt **$9.95**

The Official Dealer McDope Game brings the million dollar deal into your home without fear of the Feds. Leave the USA on one side of the board and travel through customs to an intriguing port of call. Score at the best price, then bribe or smuggle your stash home to sell. Art work by Dave Sheridan. Comes with vinyl playing surface, tokens, dice, bust cards, karmic cards, instructions and box. **GADEAL** Dealer McDope **$18.95**

Comix Packs with Plenty of Action. These original and uncensored comix from the underground are not easy to find. Each package includes at least 4 comix and are loaded with uninhibited and ribald stories of such themes as sex, drugs, politics, etc. **KGPAC7** Comix Sampler **$11.50**



Not Your Ordinary Notepads. True to character, we liked these notepads for their overly suggestive graphics. In fact, we selected five of the most provocative (each pad offers 50 sheets.) Warning: they may cause others who read the notes you write to blush and temporarily lose their power of speech. Pads may vary slightly from those shown. **KGST6** Notepads **$8.99**

WHERE YOU WERE OUR RETURNS STONED
WHERE YOU WERE OUR RETURNS SOBER!!!
AMEBIC
The WORKING GIRLS Resale Pad
Official Shit List

ALRIGHT ALREADY! I'll cut it out if you'll just send me the items I've listed below. I certify that I'm at least 18 years old. I'm adding $3.00 for postage and handling and I'll allow 6 weeks for delivery. (All checks must be payable within the continental US. New York state residents must add 8% sales tax)

Send to: Heavy Metal Magazine, Department 985, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022

Qty	Item	Size (S, M, L, XL)	Price each	Total
SPFUND	Fundies		$7.95	
TS220	Life's a Bitch T-Shirt		$9.95	
GADEAL	Dealing Game		$18.95	
PORH65	Toilet Poster		$8.75	
KGPAC7	Comix Pack		$11.50	
KGST6	Notepads		$8.99	
			POSTAGE AND HANDLING	$3.00
			TOTAL ENCLOSED	

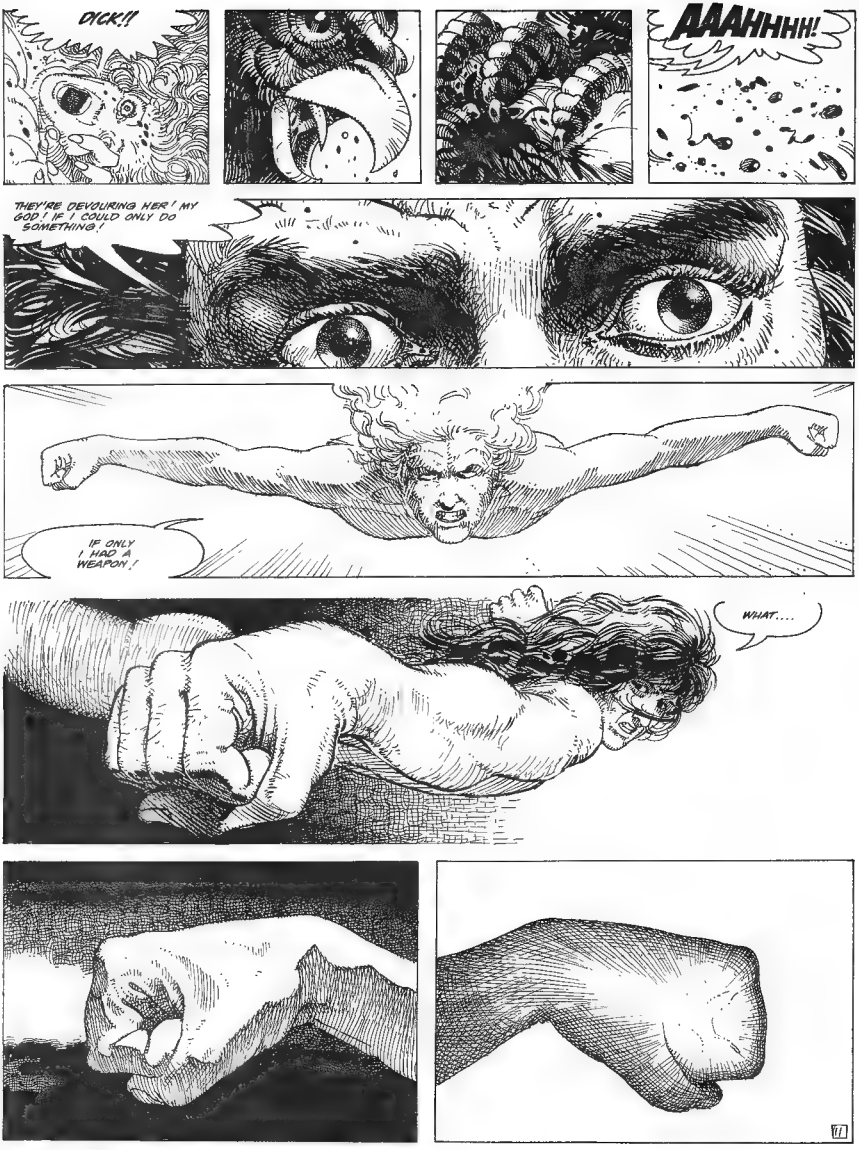
Name _____

Address _____

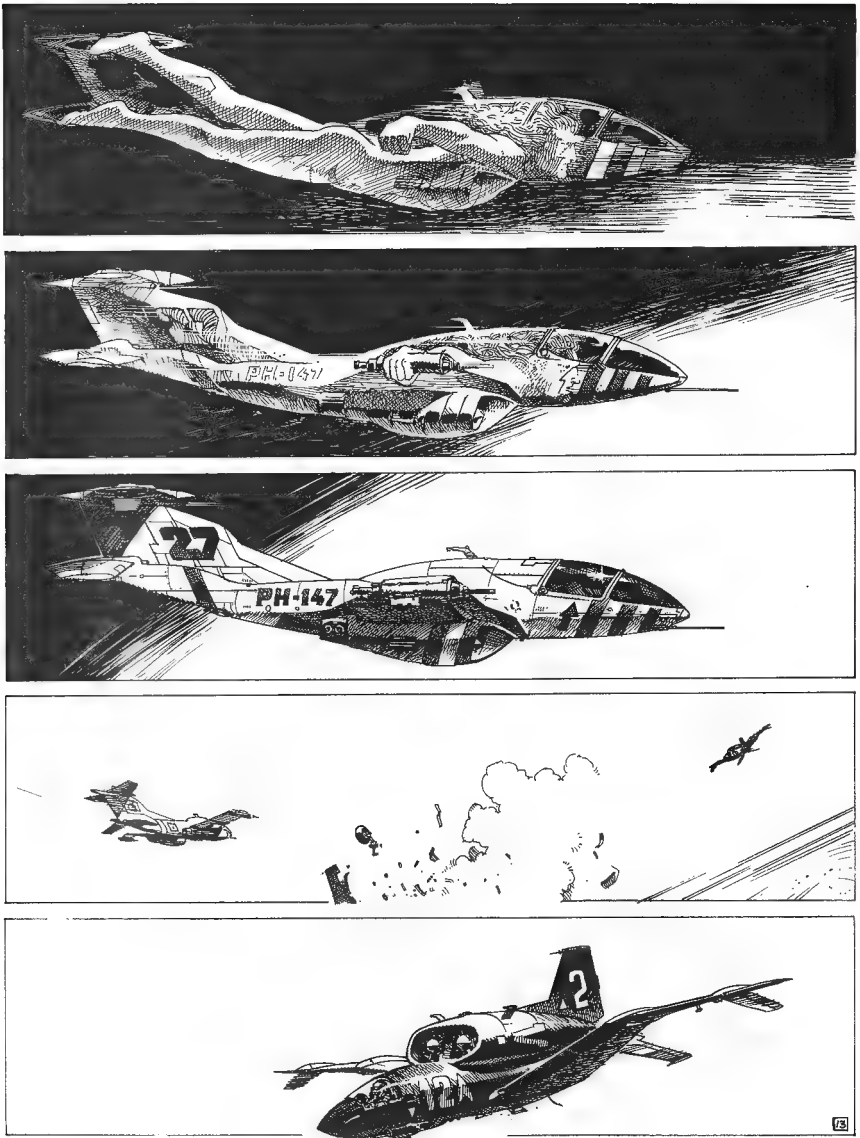
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

continued from page 28

I THINK I LOVE YOU, JANE. I HAVE NEVER, IN ALL MY LIFE...
MY GOD! WHAT'S THAT?
JANE!
DICK!.. HELP ME... THEY'RE KILLING ME!
IT CAN'T BE... IT'S NOT REAL.. WE'RE HALLUCINATING!


DICK!!
AAAHHHH!
THEY'RE DEVOURING HER! MY GOD! IF I COULD ONLY DO SOMETHING!
IF ONLY I HAD A WEAPON!
WHAT....

IT MAY BE TOO LATE TO SAVE HER LIFE, BUT NOT TOO LATE FOR REVENGE!
DAMN YOU! DAMN YOU!
12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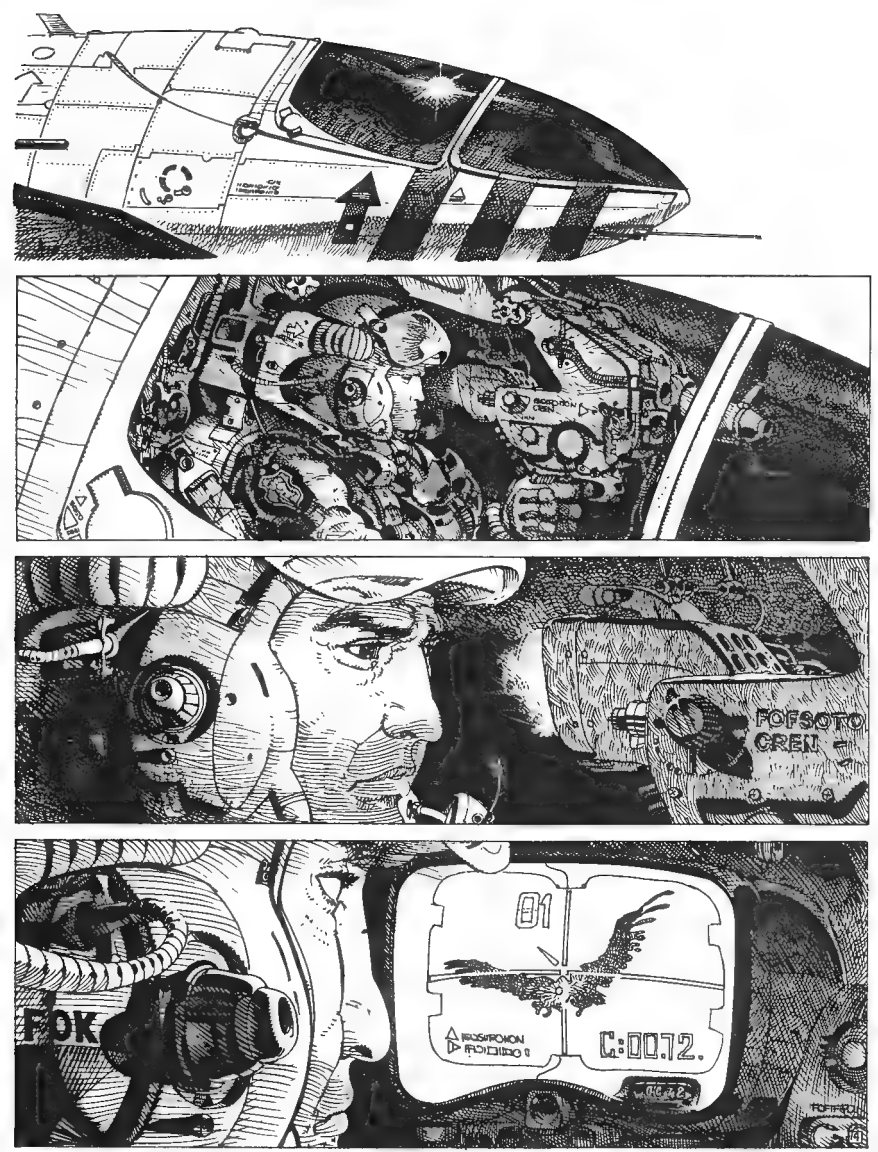
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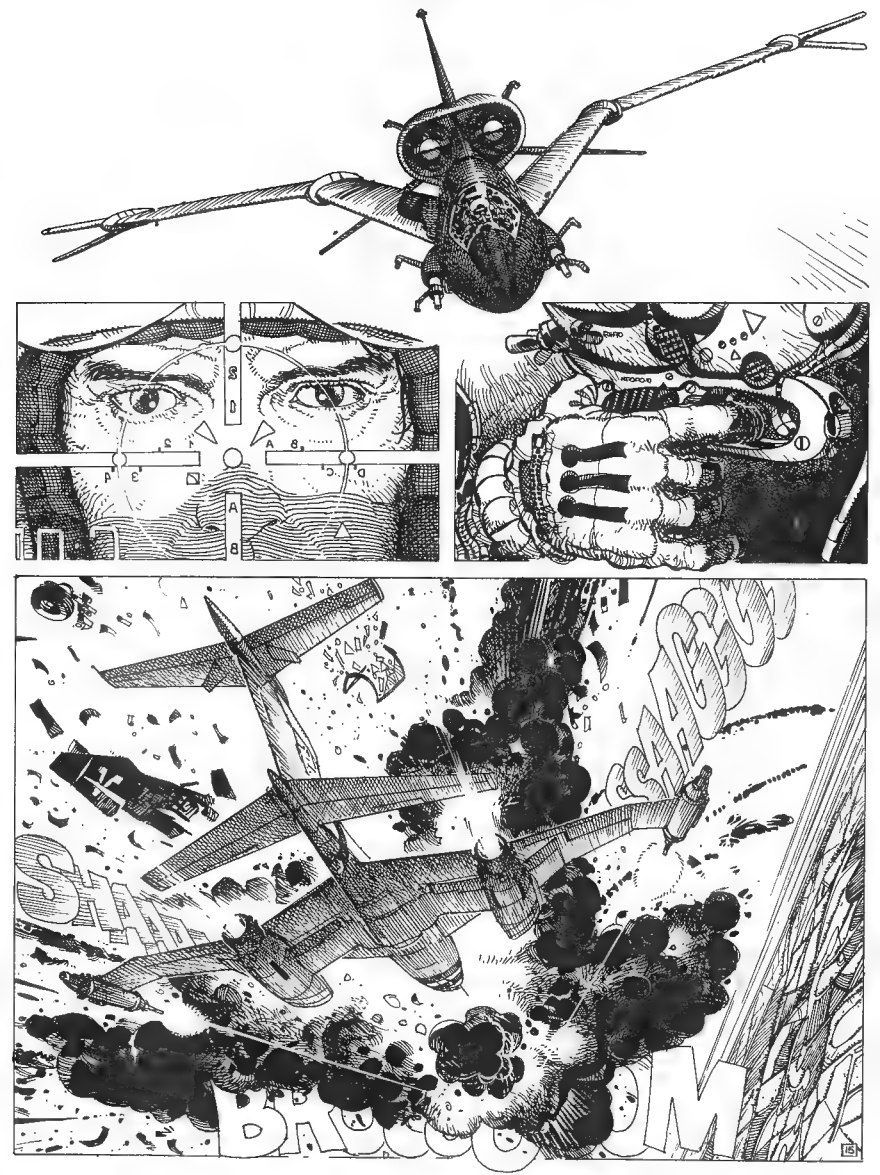
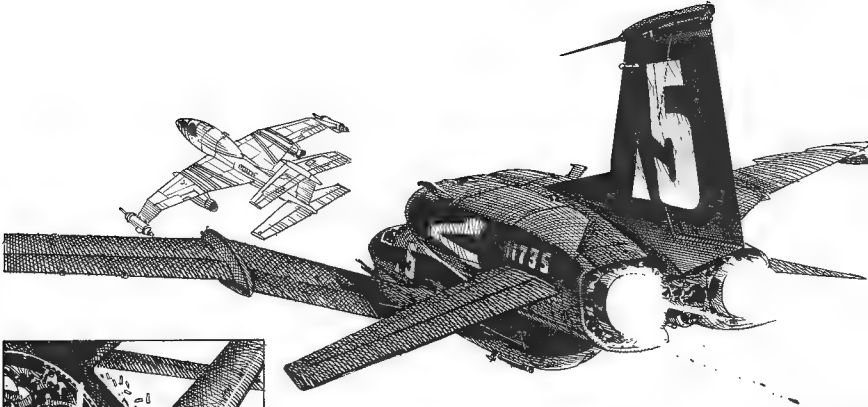

CRAAG!!
BROOOOOM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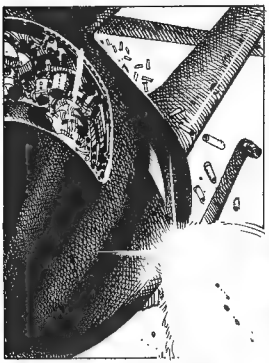
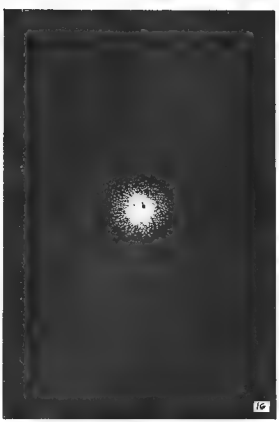
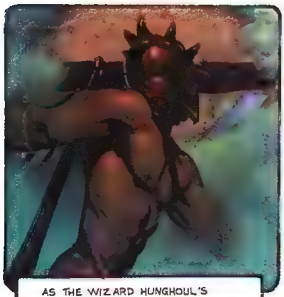


JANE!

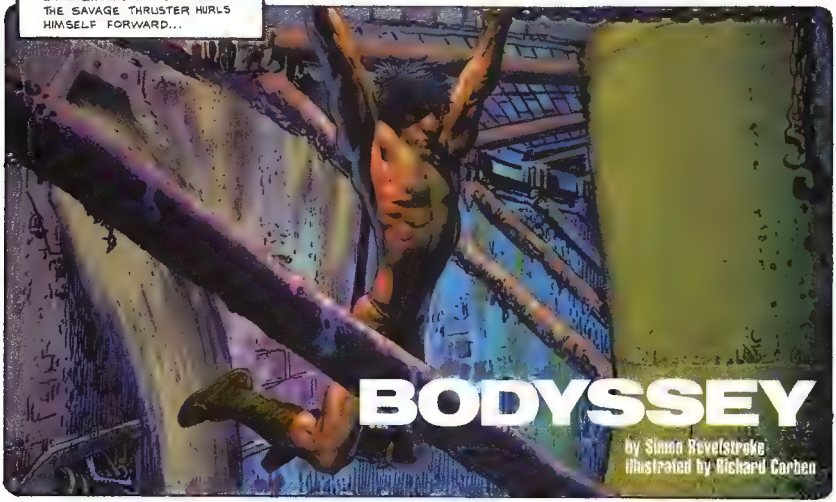

IC

GIVE ME MY THOUSAND DOLLARS. I'VE BROUGHT YOU ANOTHER ONE.
GREAT! I'LL INSTRUCT THEM TO GIVE HIM ANOTHER DOSE OF THE DRUG AND START THE CONDITIONING PROCESS.
THAT REMINDS ME, I NEED MORE HIGH-FLY.
TAKE THIS... THERE ARE ALSO A FEW DOSES OF ECSTASY FOR YOUR OFF-HOURS PLEASURE. IT'S A REWARD. THE LAST ONE YOU BROUGHT US WAS VERY GOOD. HE DESTROYED THREE ENEMY FIGHTER PLANES BEFORE HE WAS HIT.
WE'LL GIVE THIS ONE ANOTHER IDENTITY. MAYBE WE'LL EXPLORE THE POSSIBILITY OF VAMPIRES. THEY CAN SUCK THE LIFE OUT OF YOU, JANE. THEY'RE MUCH MORE REPULSIVE THAN VULTURES, BUT, I'M SURE HE WILL DO HIS BEST TO SAVE YOU.
HYPNOSIS, PSYCHOLOGICAL CONDITIONING, PROGRAMMED VISIONS... IT'S REALLY A HASSLE TO GET THESE PACIFIST HIPPIES TO FIGHT, YOU KNOW THERE AREN'T MANY LEFT.
I REALLY DON'T AGREE, JANE... WE ONLY GIVE THEM A LITTLE STIMULATION... A CAUSE...
DEEP DOWN, ALL OF US ARE HEROES.
END



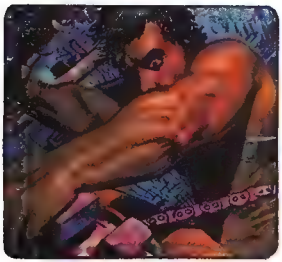
AS THE WIZARD HUNGHOUL'S CASTLE SINKS INTO ITS UNDERGROUND LAIR, PILGOR THE SAVAGE THRUSTER HURLS HIMSELF FORWARD...

©1985 RICHARD CORBEN & SIMON REVELSTROKE



BODYSSEY

by Simon Revelstroke
illustrated by Richard Corben



(PUFF! PANT!) BY THE RED GOD! YOU BUXOM WENCHES ALL WEIGH MORE THAN A CASKET OF GILDED SKULLS!
THAT WAS PILGOR-? HE'S CUTE!
THRUMP
WATCH THAT, YOU SLUT! HE'S MY HUSBAND!
SILENCE, BOTH OF YOU! SO PILGOR THINKS HE CAN SLAY ME, EH? I'LL GIVE HIM A PROPER WELCOME TO MY ABODE. I'LL LOOSE THE SCROTALS ON HIM!
GROW! SWELL! RIPEN, YOU EGGS FROM THE ABYSS!
NOW SEEK HIM OUT! SEEK HIS WARMTH. TWINE AND BIND AND CHOKE. KILL HIM!!
RIP HIS BALLS OFF - ER, SORRY, HUNGY!
ROWLL! GRRRRR SNARRRL!
GAG! WHAT'S THAT VILE STENCH?
SSSSGSROOOWLLL
RUF!
GAH!

RROWRL
CHOMP
DIE! DIE, YOU NOXIOUS BEAST!
THWAK! CHUP CHUP
RUF!
AHA!
RRROOWWWR
SNAP SNAP

EEEE

I'D SAY YOU GOT TOO DAMN CLOSE - BITCH!
EEK! OWG! HIS COOTIES! I'VE GOT HIS COOTIES ON ME! GET 'EM OFF! GET 'EM OFF!
ENJOY YOUR STAY IN HELL, SMEGMELLA!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HE'S SLAIN THE SCROTAL S. WHAT NOW? THE DRIPPING THING? THE BELLY-MELTERS? THE LIDLESS ONE?
WAIT A MINUTE! NOW HOW DOES THAT SPELL I'VE BEEN SAVING GO? I CAN REGAIN MY YOUTHFUL BODY AND DASHING GOOD LOOKS...
SQUEEK SQUEEK
...IF I SUCK THE BLOOD OF AN INNOCENT!
UH, I'M NOT THAT INNOCENT, NO, NOT INNOCENT AT ALL! I'VE BEEN WITH, UH, HOW MANY MEN WAS IT...?
YOU'RE COMING WITH ME WENCH. THERE IS GREAT EVIL TO BE DONE!
BUMP BUMP BUMP
ONCE MORE HUNGHOLL'S FORTRESS EMERGES INTO THE BLINDING SUNLIGHT...

POWERS THAT BURROW BENEATH THE SANDS, POWERS THAT LURK IN THE UPPER AIRS, ATTEND ME NOW...
...AS I OFFER...
EEEE

KRAK
KRAK
THRAK!
URK!
BETTER SAY GOODBYE TO AMMORA, NOW, PILGOR- 'CUZ FOR YOU THERE AIN'T GONNA BE AMMORA.
HEH! HEH! HEH! HERE'S AN EASY DEATH! OVER YOU GO!
WELL, HEL-LLOOO, BIG GUY! OOOO, WHAT A HUNK!
WHA-?
MY NAME IS SUCCULUS, AND I LUST AFTER MUSCULAR OLDER MEN.
TAKE ME, TAKE ALL OF ME. YOU SAVAGE! I'M YOURS TO USE!
BY THE ELDRITCH GODS OF THE GIBBOUS MOON! GET OFF ME!

IK!
CHUNK!
WHUMP!
AMMORA.
PILGOR
AMMORA?
PILGOR?
THOUGH WE'VE ONLY JUST MET...
I SENSE, YES! A CHANGE COMING OVER ME, A LONG-FORGOTTEN SENSATION. I FEEL MY SPIRIT LIFTING!
... OH, PILGOR - I KNOW I ALMOST FEEL YOU!
AND THE MAGIC PLANET SPINS ON... NOTHING CAN STOP IT NOW.
THE END

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more.

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's "Rockblitz," highly praised "Shells," beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more.

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," "The Long Tomorrow"; conclusion of "Sunpot."

#5/AUGUST '77: "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue.

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again.

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius.

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues.

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius and Corben.

#12/MARCH '78: Gray Morrow's swashbuckling "Orion" debuts; more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den."

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9." "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up.

#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat.

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad. Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman."

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," resumption of Druillet's "Gail," more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights."

#19/OCTOBER '78: "Exterminator 17," Ellison illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany-Chaykin "Empire," more "Orbsad," "Exterminator," Moebius, Grubert, "Heilman" 's final rebirth, more.

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and 50 beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

#23/FEBRUARY '79: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sinbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show.

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," wizard named "Elvis," and Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam, others.

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more.

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants."

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Gouratin cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

#36/MARCH '80: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations."

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue—32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé—and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too?

#39/JUNE '80: "Champakou" meets his fate while "Captain Sternn" sails the day. And it's the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth!

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!"

#49/APRIL '81: Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera.

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fête!" Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and Workman!

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, and Steranko.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: The further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten.

#60/MARCH '82: 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Plus "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc.

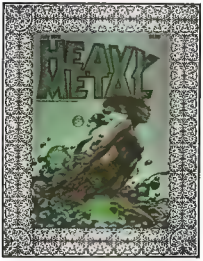
#61/APRIL '82: 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J. G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution," "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

#63/JUNE '82: Fantastic Cities issue, with artists Voss, Caza, Scibelli, and R. Crumb, all surrounded by regulars: Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez.

#64/JULY '82: Marcele and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, and Druillet.

#65/AUGUST '82: Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Ape. ." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky.



#66/SEPTEMBER '82: Hecht's "Music-Video Interface," Lupoff's "Barsoom!" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars: Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard

#67/OCTOBER '82: You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. Everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S.: Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82: Part 1 of Kaluta's "Starstruck." Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does "Den II" and Druillet's "Yragael." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwog," and Mark Fisher's "Amino Men." Plus Corben, Fernandez, and Kierkegaard.

#70/JANUARY '83: The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc.

#71/FEBRUARY '83: The making of the film *The Entity*. Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul*, and regulars Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc.

#72/MARCH '83: We bid a fond farewell to Den and Kath, and a warm welcome to Bilal's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Williams, plus Manara, Kaluta and more.

#73/APRIL '83: Moebius's "The Twinkle in Fildegar's Eye," and Sauri's "The Odyssey," along with Kaluta, Crepax, and Workman.

#75/JUNE '83: Corben's "Doomscult," the end of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem," and a peek at the 3-D science fiction thriller, *Spacehunter*.

#76/JULY '83: Liberatore's "Ranxerox," the end of Kulata's "Starstruck" (for the time being), an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*.

#77/AUGUST '83: Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthworm" debuts, Giménez's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beefheart is interviewed, all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt cover.

#78/SEPTEMBER '83: An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the conclusions of "Zora" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

#79/OCTOBER '83: Timothy Leary! Enki Bilal! Pepe Moreno! Walter Hill! Rocky and Bullwinkle!?! A great issue!

#80/NOVEMBER '83: A spirited talk with Will Eisner, along with a Spirit story. Plus Crepax's "Valentina the Pirate." Enjoy.

#81/DECEMBER '83: Ranxerox bows out. Valentina comes on strong. Artist Liberatore is interviewed. Lots more!

#82/JANUARY '84: Part one of David Blacks vampire memoirs. Plus "Ranxerox in New York," and a peek at Arthur Clarke's *The Sentinel*.

#83/FEBRUARY '84: Douglas Trumbull talks. John DiFool returns. And David Black's *My Vampires* comes to an end.

#84/MARCH '84: Douglas Adams is interviewed. Angus McKie and Charles Burns return. Ranxerox ends his New York adventure.

#85/APRIL '84: A long talk with Roger Corman. Plus Joe Kubert in "Dossier" and Boris Vallejo on the cover.

#86/MAY '84: "The Railways" begins, "Ranxerox" ends, and "The Third Incal" continues. Plus, two "June 2050"s for the price of one.

#87/JUNE '84: Slava Tsukerman talks about "Liquid Sky." "Lann" and "The Hunting Party" get started.

#88/JULY '84: Long interviews with funnymen John Cleese and Jerry Lewis. Long-awaited art from Jeronaton.

#89/AUGUST '84: Paul Kantner: *Starship* Captain. Penelope Spheeris: Godmother of Punk. Ed Naha: Good Writer of Bad Movies.

#90/SEPTEMBER '84: The Second Annual *HM* Music Video Awards. Lou Stathis interviews director David Cronenberg. Plus *Dernier Combat* director Luc Besson is interviewed.

#91/OCTOBER '84: The *HM* interview with director John Sayles. Caza drops by, and Jeronaton and Bilal continue.

#92/NOVEMBER '84: Schuiten begins, Jeronaton ends, and Paul Kirchner gives us some "Cool." Plus, shock-director John Waters tells us about his morals in the *HM* interview.

#93/DECEMBER '84: *HM*'s 1984 *fin* with a Federico Fellini interivew and a Boris Vallejo Gallery. Plus, Manara's "Author" gets to work.

#94/JANUARY '85: Interview with director Wolfgang Petersen. Liberatore presents his latest, "Sax Blues." And yet another "Marlowskitz."

#95/FEBRUARY '85: Russell Mulcahy, Rock video's premiere director, talks about his new movie, *Razorback*. Also, Jack Davis is interviewed and "Triton" concludes.

#96/MARCH '85: The premiere of Pepe Moreno's "Rebel." Interview with director Louis Malle, and the end of Bilal and Christin's "The Hunting Party" and Schuiten's "Walls of Samaris."

#97/APRIL '85: *HM* celebrates its eighth anniversary with Pepe Moreno, Richard Corben, Joost Swarte, and *more*. Also, interviews include *Gwendoline*'s Just Jaeckin, *The Stuff*'s Larry Cohen, and *Eating Raoul*'s Paul Bartel.

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HERP AND SWEAZ FINALLY FOUND THE **ENIGMATIC WOMAN IN WHITE**. OR WAS IT THE OTHER WAY 'ROUND?

AND, *FINALLY*, WE FIND THE SHERIFF AND HIS SMALL COMMUNITY OF MISFITS, INCREASED BY ONE (ALBEIT DEAD) MEMBER, APPROACHING THE ADOBE ABODE OF *THE OLD INJUN BROTHERS!*

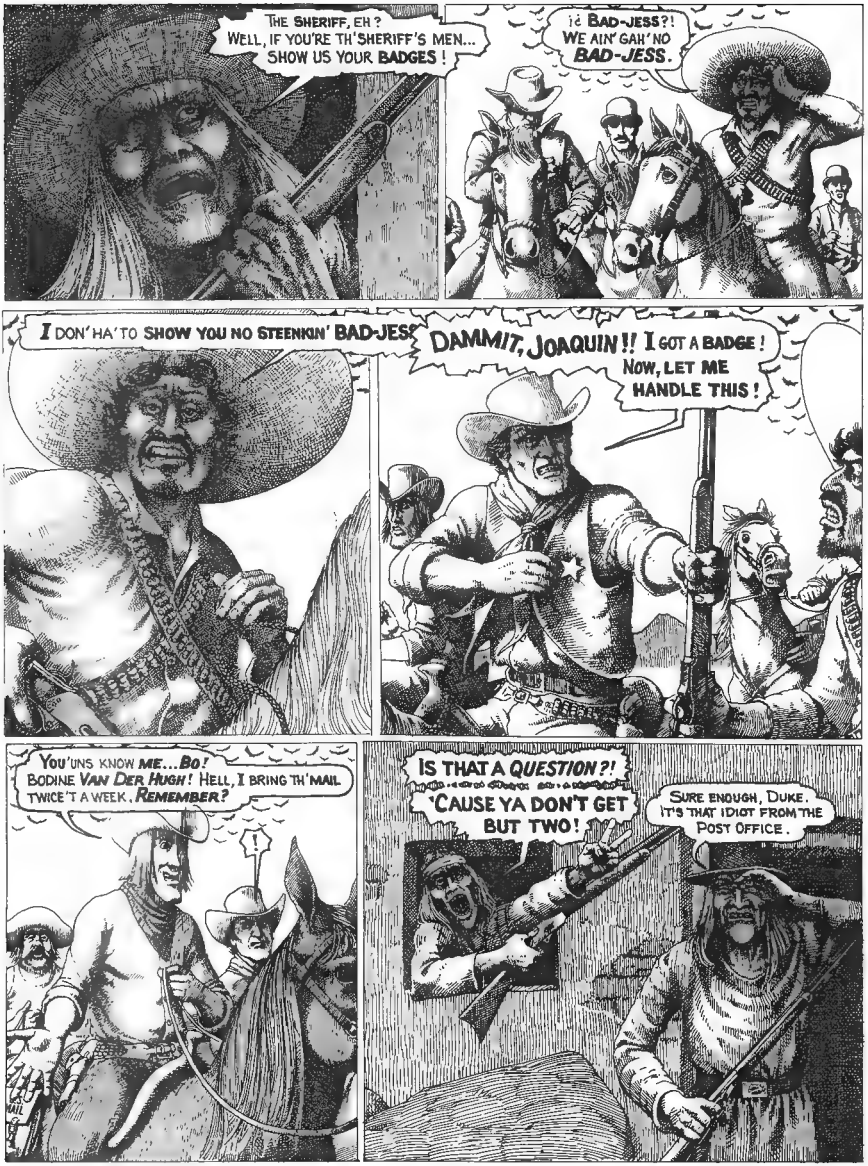
TEX ★ ARCANA

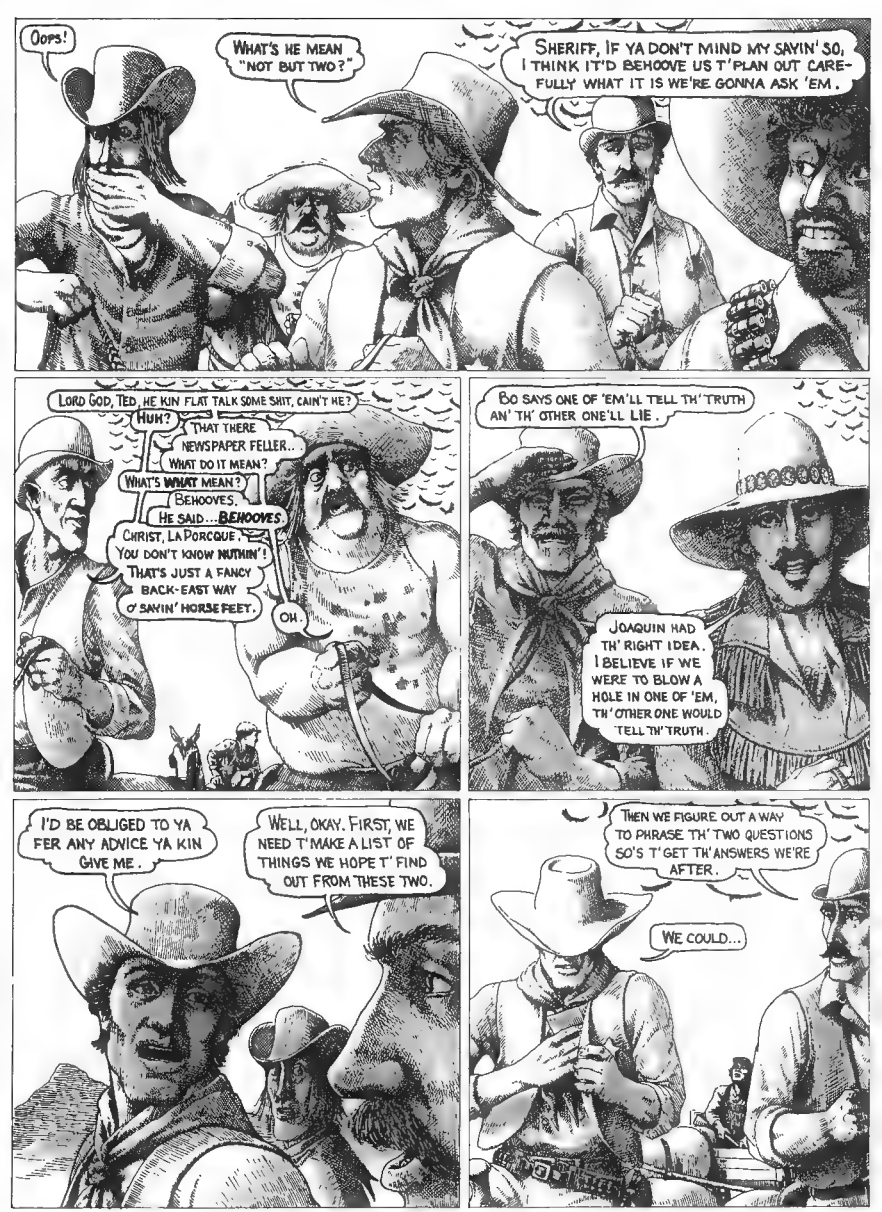
MEETS THE TOAST OF EUROPE

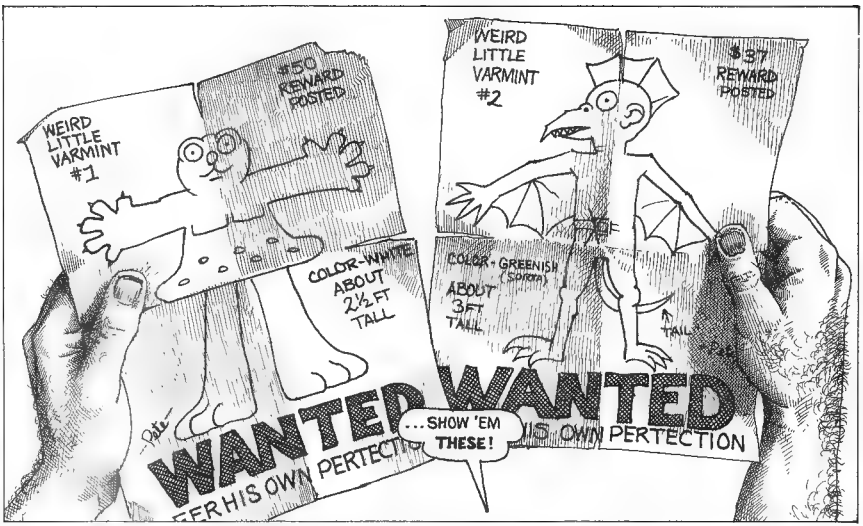
PART 23

STOP RIGHT THERE!
DON'T DARE COME NO CLOSER!!
HEY.... ¿ WEEL YOU JUS' SEEMMER DOWN OR SOMETHEEN'?
WHOA! HOL' UP A SECON', BOYS.
LEMME HANDLE THIS!
DON'T SHOOT! WE'RE WITH TH' SHERIFF, HERE! WE'RE A SEARCH PARTY....

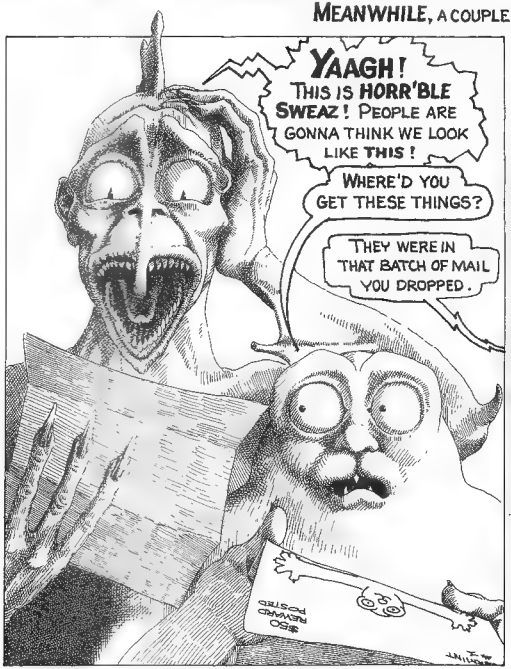
©1985 J.R. Findley


THE SHERIFF, EH?
WELL, IF YOU'RE TH'SHERIFF'S MEN... SHOW US YOUR BADGES!
¡¿BAD-JESS?!
WE AIN'GAH'NO BAD-JESS.
I DON'HA'TO SHOW YOU NO STEENKIN' BAD-JES
DAMMIT, JOAQUIN!! I GOT A BADGE! NOW, LET ME HANDLE THIS!
YOU'UNS KNOW ME...BO! BODINE VAN DER HUGH! HELL, I BRING TH'MAIL TWICE'T A WEEK. REMEMBER?
IS THAT A QUESTION?!
'CAUSE YA DON'T GET BUT TWO!
SURE ENOUGH, DUKE. IT'S THAT IDIOT FROM THE POST OFFICE.


Oops!
What's he mean "not but two?"
Sheriff, if ya don't mind my sayin' so, I think it'd behoove us t'plan out carefully what it is we're gonna ask 'em.
Lord God, Ted, he kin flat talk some shit, cain't he?
Huh?
That there newspaper feller..
What do it mean?
What's what mean?
Behooves.
He said...behooves.
Christ, La Porcque! You don't know nuthin'! That's just a fancy back-east way o' sayin' horse feet.
Oh.
Bo says one of 'em'll tell th' truth an' th' other one'll lie.
Joaquin had th' right idea. I believe if we were to blow a hole in one of 'em, th' other one would tell th' truth.
I'd be obliged to ya fer any advice ya kin give me.
Well, okay. First, we need t' make a list of things we hope t' find out from these two.
Then we figure out a way to phrase th' two questions so's t' get th' answers we're after.
We could...



MEANWHILE, A COUPLE OF MILES AWAY...


YAAGH! THIS IS HORR'BLE SWEAZ! PEOPLE ARE GONNA THINK WE LOOK LIKE THIS!
WHERE'D YOU GET THESE THINGS?
THEY WERE IN THAT BATCH OF MAIL YOU DROPPED.
$50 REWARD POSTED

TO BE CONTINUED....

BOOKSHELF

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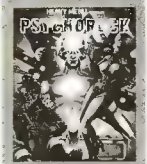

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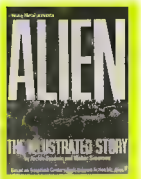

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THE ART OF HEAVY METAL
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Behind the scenes of the greatest animated adventure of all time.

★★★

WACKO

by Nicola Cuti

I NEVER BOTHER TO TURN ON THE VACANCY SIGN ANYMORE. SINCE THEY BUILT THE NEW HIGHWAY PEOPLE RARELY STOP HERE. I HAVE MY ROUTINES AND HOBBIES--
NORMAL BATES.
--HOBBIES? WHAT SORT OF HOBBIES, MR. BATES?
UH, IF YOU LIKE I COULD SHOW YOU SOME OF MY SPECIMENS. I KEEP THEM--
--IN THE FRUIT CELLAR.
YOU NEVER MENTIONED WHAT YOUR HOBBY WAS.
OH, DIDN'T I? SORRY, IT'S TAXIDERMY.
I SEE. YOU STUFF ANIMALS.
WHAT A NOVEL IDEA. I MUST TRY STUFFING ANIMALS... NEXT TIME!
ANIMALS?
cuti

chain mail

I've been meaning to write to you for some time, but your most recent Corben story, "Bodyssey," has done it.

As I was growing up, I went to many a comic-book convention, picking up the occasional *Conan* and *Kamandi*. One day I found a copy of *Slow Death*, which introduced me to Richard Corben and changed my tastes from mainstream to underground. Corben replaced Kirby as my idol.

But after *Den*, Corben started to change his work. Though it was still Corben, it just didn't have that flair. Being an illustrator for a major newspaper, I know what it's like to try something new in terms of style.

First came *Arabian Nights*, then *Mutant World*, and finally *Den II*. They were good, but they just weren't Corben. I thought, "Well, guess he's getting tired of the whole ordeal. He's just getting by."

Then "Bodyssey" came along and slapped me in the face. This was the Corben I knew and had grown up with; this was the great art, great characters, and great physiques that were 100 percent Corben.

The moral to this story is: It's not that an artist gets bad, it's just that he needs time to grow.

Ted McKeever
No. Miami Beach, FL

Glad you learned this lesson, Ted. And, believe us, it hurt us more than it did you.—Eds.

Thank God the idiots I work for never read *HM*. They are doomed to sophistication, I guess, never taking William Faulkner's advice, "Read everything . . . ." The June "Dossier" section included a quote from Roy Krenkel that I thought particularly apropos, regarding the differences between illustration as we have all been forced, at one time or another, to practice it and what appears between your illustrious sheets, i.e., imagination. I don't love absolutely everything I see here, but *HM* is one of the few magazines I read cover to cover, no matter what. Even the shit is good shit.

I am mainly writing to congratulate you for having the sense to publish Herikberto's "The Destroyer." Masterfully told and drawn, and, from what I can tell, well printed. Hard as it is to extract a nugget of meaning from everything that does not make one's sphincter spasm, H. did it with grace. Furthermore, I REMEMBER IT, as clearly as I remember the first time I saw Corben's "Sinbad."

Screw your critics.

Michael M. Young
Boston, MA

You've found it! (*You've been watching too many Wendy's commercials.*—Eds.) You finally, after farting around with all different kinds of paper, found the right one.

It's not too glossy and hard to read under direct light and not the cheap newsprint type, but a crisp clean paper that shows off the panels just right.

Bravo!

Forrest C. Curl
Harrisburg, PA

Well, well, well. After finally getting used to reading "Dossier" on toilet paper, I open my mailbox to find your June issue in *color*! At last the damned thing ain't an eyesore anymore.

Maybe you think that just because you've finally kicked in the dough for color in "Dossier" I'm willing to do likewise and buy a VCR. Wrong. I refer, of course, to your new videocassette column. Watching a good flick on the tube is like listening to Pink Floyd on a transistor radio—nuthin'. Besides, once you get hooked on the idiot box, you're never gonna get out and see the real world. But, hey, I got to admit, Jim Farber is a funny guy. Maybe I'll look for the flicks he reviews at a revival house.

Vernon Tilsner
Carmel, CA

While it's true that the landing of the mother ship doesn't exactly knock your socks off on TV, there's a lot to gain from watching a film on videocassette. It's certainly possible to appreciate scripting, acting, and direction—and you won't look stupid when your friends talk about something you haven't seen.—Eds.

The "Holiday" installment of Ghini's "Sillavengo" was definitely the highlight of your June issue. It's really refreshing to see a piece of work with such an original point of view, characters, and story line—by someone who looks like one of the few comic artists who haven't been locked in an isolation tank with Moebius (what happened to him, anyway?). And if Ghini offers products shown in the strip, I'll be his first customer! I want that jacket!

Shirley LePooler
Santa Monica, CA

Moebius is très busy with films, etc., but a promised strip is expected shortly.—Eds.

HM's HOLLYWOOD HELL BY DREW FRIEDMAN

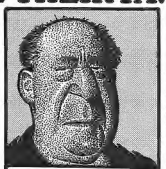
UGLY WHITE GUYS - THEY LIKE TELEVISION

BUT WHAT ARE THEIR FAVORITE SHOWS?

©1985

"Flipper"

"Bowling for Dollars"


"Me and the Chimp"

"The Outer Limits"

"Bonanza"

"Batman"

"Me and the Chimp"

"Masterpiece Theatre"

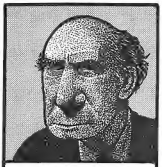
Kitty Carlisle

"Petticoat Junction"

"Combat"

"The Bullwinkle Show"

"Mr. Ed"


"Tattle Tales"

"Ben Casey"

"Bridget Loves Bernie"

"The Jack Paar Show"

"Beat the Clock"

"Me and the Chimp"

"Amos 'n' Andy"

"F Troop"

"The Love Connection"

"Hee Haw"

Uncle Miltie

"The Brady Bunch"

Trivial Metal

1. In what film did Drew Barrymore make her debut?

2. What 1985 movie has the same name as Madonna's first band?

3. What was the name of Buck Rogers's loyal robot in the 1979 TV movie?

4. Name the author and short story that provided the basis for Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey* and Arthur C. Clarke's novelization of that film.

5. What two other titles was *Invasion of the Saucer Men* released under?

6. Who wrote "The Singsong of Cecily Snow" for *Heavy Metal*?

7. Who illustrated the album cover for Frank Zappa's *The Man from Utopia*?

8. What was the name of the nasty insect people in Georges Méliès's *A Trip to the Moon*?

9. What 1983 film did Jane Dornacker of the Tubes appear in?

10. Match these artists with their strips:

1. Bilal	a. "Marvels of the Universe"
2. Caza	b. "Urm"
3. Philippe Druillet	c. "Going to Pieces"
4. Moebius	d. "Exterminator 17"
5. Claveloux	e. "Virgo"
6. Schuiten	f. "The Language of Cats"

The answers to this issue's Trivial Metal quiz are: 1. *Altered States* 2. The Breakfast Club 3. Twiki 4. "The Sentinel" by Arthur C. Clarke 5. *Spacemen Saturday Night* and *The Hell Creatures* 6. Théodore Sluyeon 7. Gaetano Liberatore. 8. The Seientes 9. *The Right Stuff* 10. Bilal/"Exterminator 17", Caza/"Virgo", Druillet/"Urm", Moebius/"Marvels of the Universe", Claveloux/"The Language of Cats", Schuiten/"Going to Pieces"

WE WANT YOUR MONEY

A B C D E Photo by Michael Renchiwich

A Berni Wrightson's **Hanover Fiste** and his ne'er-do-well accomplice **Captain Sternn**. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them in the *Heavy Metal* movie, now see them coming and going. This durable four-color cotton **T-shirt** is a must for summer. **$7.50**.
_____ small _____ medium _____ large

B The **original Heavy Metal T-shirt** comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. The essential HM product. **$7.50**
_____ small _____ medium
_____ large _____ red _____ black

C *Heavy Metal*'s pride and joy, our silver, satin-like **jacket**, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too. Hipper than a Stones '72 tour jacket! **$36.00**.
_____ small _____ medium _____ large

D **Heavy Metal's phosphorescent T-shirt**. These all-cotton tees are available in sleeveless or regular style black shirts. Wear it to bed and you won't need a nite-lite to find your way to the bathroom. **$8.00**
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_____ large _____ sleeveless
_____ regular

E Our latest and greatest product—the **Heavy Metal sweatshirt**. Wear it to the gym or to your fave dance spot and watch those calories melt away while maintaining your ultra-chic image. **$15.95**.
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_____ medium _____ ex. large
_____ black _____ white _____ gray

You can now smack **Ranxerox's** pretty puss right on your lapel with this handsome **color pin**. **$5.00,** includes postage and handling. Don't leave home without it!
_____ /Ranxerox pin.

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Out of the coffins
and into the streets!
Shooting from the Hiphop!
Lou Stathis gets jazzed up!
"Ratso's Palazzo" returns!